

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, APRIL 5TH, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HOMEOPATHIC WESTERN DISPENSARY.
THE OPENING PROCESSION—KING CARNIVAL AND COLUMBIA WITH THEIR ESCORTS.—SEE PAGE 119.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1877.

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THE PRESIDENT'S EXPERIMENT.

A STATE election has just been held in Rhode Island, and the Dutch, as usual, have again taken Holland. The Republicans elected their candidate, but by so diminished a majority, that it is evident a change in the political current of the State has been effected. But what if the President, anticipating a defeat of his party at the Rhode Island polls, had, at the invitation of the Governor, sent a regiment of infantry to Providence to prevent any possible disturbances?—does any one imagine that there would be anything remaining of the Republican Party in that small State? And yet Rhode Island did once call upon the President of the United States for assistance to prevent a pretended Democratic Governor from taking possession of the State Capitol. It was not altogether a parallel case to that of Louisiana or of South Carolina, but it was not essentially different in principle. The Dorr Rebellion in Rhode Island was in many respects like the Nicholls rebellion in Louisiana, which a Commission has been sent to investigate by President Hayes. We have no doubt that the nature of the report by the Commission, and the action of the President in consequence of it, might safely be predicted now; but it will be as well to wait for the result, which will be announced towards the end of May, just before the assembling of the extra session of Congress. The result of the visit of the two Governors of South Carolina to Washington we know already. The President withdrew the troops from Columbia on the ground that he has no right to keep them there, and the consequences are, that the political control of the State passes into the hands of the white Democrats of South Carolina, who have had no voice in directing affairs for more than twelve years. It will depend altogether upon the discretion and good faith of the Democracy of South Carolina whether they shall be permitted the power now intrusted to them or not. If Wade Hampton really enjoys the confidence of his fellow-citizens to the extent that his friends claim for him, there will be little reason to apprehend any trouble growing out of the change in the Governorship of the State. Chamberlain is a man of decided ability, and of sufficient good sense to know that nothing can be gained by any violent measures. Out of the Governor's office he can exercise a more powerful influence than he ever could in it, and it will be a strong temptation to him to remain in South Carolina, where he will have so large a following of the emancipated blacks, and strive to build up a Republican Party without the aid of Federal troops. The anticipations of President Hayes in respect to the old Whigs still remaining in the Southern States are not likely to be realized. The Whigs had long been in a hopeless minority before the outburst of the Rebellion, which swept the greater part of them into its vortex. The Whig Party never did have any hold in South Carolina; and its ablest men in Louisiana, Tennessee, Georgia and North Carolina had become Democratic leaders before South Carolina took possession of Fort Sumter. North Carolina contained a good many sturdy Whigs, but they never exhibited any leanings towards Republicanism, and we doubt if any of them remain to exercise any influence in the political affairs of the State. About the only one of the old Whig Party left in

Tennessee is Parson Brownlow, but he is a stanch Republican, though not likely to take an active part in another campaign. There may be a small number of Whigs in Georgia, who, like Joshua Hill, could be depended upon to give their personal influence in favor of the Republican Party, but they could not exert any perceptible influence in changing the political character of the State.

The truth of the matter is, that, in the restoration of the control of the politics of the Southern States to the hands of the educated citizens, to whom it rightfully belongs, President Hayes has imposed upon the Republican Party the necessity of depending upon the so-called Northern and Western States for votes to maintain them in power. The Southern States are lost to the Republicans for the present, but, as a great many changes may be effected in the course of four years, it does not by any means necessitate the conclusion that the South will vote solid for the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The probabilities are, however, that she will.

It is very evident that the course taken by President Hayes is altogether outside of party considerations; he is undoubtedly impelled by a sense of duty to the country, and if his party suffers in consequence, he may, and no doubt will, regret it; but he cannot help it. He is acting on the conviction that he so tersely and clearly enunciated in his inaugural address, when he said that he serves his party best who serves his country best; and the result will justify his sentiment and his actions, hazardous as they may now seem. Under the policy of the Republican leaders for the past twelve years, the country has gradually slipped over to their opponents, until now, though the Administration is nominally Republican, the opposite party is virtually in the ascendant; the House of Representatives is already in the hands of the Democrats, and the Senate is so nearly balanced that it is uncertain which party will have the control of that dignified body at the extra session. There will be, during the next four years, the best possible condition for effecting a compromise on a permanent basis, which could not be accomplished if either party had full power in its hands. No extreme measure can be passed in either House by either party, and the President by his veto prerogative can keep them both in check.

There will be no further trouble with the South, because the white Democrats, having the power completely in their hands, can easily prevent any disturbances which would require the intervention of the Federal Government. The blacks are actually without a leader, and are as incapable of resisting their former owners as they were before their emancipation. The fact that the only two States in which the Republicans had been able to retain even a nominal ascendancy were Louisiana and South Carolina, in which the two leading men were from Maine and Massachusetts, plainly enough proves the lack of a native element of Republican strength, without which the party could not govern even when possessing a majority of the votes. Whenever the blacks of the South can raise up a leader of their own race whom they will be willing to follow, they may hope to exercise the power which their superiority of numbers may entitle them to; but until then their case is hopeless, and they must of necessity submit to their superiors in intellect. The hour for their deliverance has come, but the Toussaint l'Overture whom they need has not made his appearance.

Governor Chamberlain of South Carolina takes just this view of the situation, and gracefully submits to the inevitable; but Governor Packard of Louisiana holds out for the present, and protests against the President's policy. It is only a question of time, however, and he, too, will withdraw from the unequal contest, and the South will be left unmolested to reconstruct itself in its own way. The whole country seems disposed to acquiesce, and it is wise that the experiment has been commenced at the beginning of a new Administration, that the people may have sufficient time to see how the change works before they will be called upon to pronounce judgment upon it at the polls.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE fifty-second annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, which was opened to the public on the 3d inst., the "private view" having been given the day before, contains a much larger number of pieces of painting, drawing and sculpture than any previous exhibition of the Academy, and they may be generally characterized as being of a better average quality. It would be a great satisfaction to us if we could add that the exhibition contains, also, better evidences of a growth of artistic talent among us than any previous one; but the truth must be confessed that the display of paintings derives its chief interest from the works that have

been executed in Europe, and that they are altogether foreign in motive, in feeling and in treatment. The exhibition is, in truth, very much like the telephone concert in Steinway Hall, the performer being in Philadelphia, but the music being heard in New York. The pictures exhibited in Twenty-third Street were painted by artists in Munich and in Paris. It is a National Academy of Design, but the designs exhibited have no reminders of our nation. They are either French or German, and those that were not painted abroad are mostly imitations of the styles of foreign artists. There is one very large painting in what may be called, we presume, the English style, since it was painted in London by Miss Anna M. Lea, of Philadelphia; and this picture, of all things, is a portrait of Governor Dix for our City Hall. We should have supposed that a New York artist might have been found capable of painting a portrait of a New York Governor for New York City, and so save us from the mortifying necessity of sending the commission to a Philadelphia lady, living in London, to execute it. It is no extravagant compliment to our New York portrait-painters to say that there are at least a dozen of them who could have painted it immensely better. It is a very bad portrait, and not in the least flattering to the personal appearance of Governor Dix. It strikes us that it would be well for the Common Council, when making an appropriation for a Governor's portrait for the City Hall, to stipulate that it shall be painted by a New York artist living in New York; for, since the people of the city have to pay for it, they ought to be allowed all the profit that can be gained from it. They certainly ought not to be compelled to pay for an inferior work when there are New York artists capable of painting a better one.

There are some good pictures from the studios of New York artists, but the attractive ones, which have the best places on the walls, are foreign. As an amusing example of the manner in which our artists work abroad, two of the large paintings here, representing the Munich school, and painted by pupils of Piloty, are compositions of precisely the same subject and treated in the same manner. Though painted in Munich, the subject is Turkish, and the style is Roman. The two artists are Frank Duveneck, from Louisville, Ky., and Wm. M. Chase, from St. Louis, Mo. It is a strange mingling of nationalities, and the works themselves show how utterly destructive to anything like national or individuality of style or feeling works executed under the present methods of art-education must be. The subject of these two ambitious paintings is an emaciated Turkish boy sitting naked on a rug, with the soles of his bare feet exposed to the spectator. He wears the crimson fez, a faded purplish cloth is thrown across his legs, a piece of Persian carpet is pinned against the wall, and he is making believe to feed a stuffed cockatoo with grapes out of a bronze basin which rests upon his lap. The subject is empty, unreal and insincere, but it affords an opportunity for a splurge of color which is its only claim to attention. It was scarcely worth while to go all the way to Munich to learn how to paint such pictures as these. It is the first time that Mr. Duveneck has sent any of this work to New York, but Mr. Chase has been represented in the Academy by a portrait which did him more credit. There is a portrait by Mr. Duveneck of Mr. C. D. Warner, of the Hartford *Courant*, of whose merits it is impossible to judge, owing to its being hung so high above the line. Mr. Chase's picture is placed in a corner of the sculpture-room, where it must be unseen by every one who does not take special pains to find it.

The number of paintings in the exhibition is largely in excess of any previously hung upon the walls of the Spring display, and we understand that some four hundred were rejected, mostly for the lack of space. Of course we cannot attempt anything like a detailed notice of all the pictures in the space at our disposal, and we must defer a more critical examination until another opportunity. For the first time in the history of the Academy the visitors have offered to them a decently printed catalogue. The present one ought to give more information about the works exhibited than it does, but it gives, for the first time, some outline sketches in black and white, mostly by the artists themselves, of the paintings on view. There are a number of these little pictures which make the catalogue well worth preserving. The sale of the catalogues has been so large as to fully justify the experiment of giving illustrations, besides creating a new interest in art. We shall recur to the subject next week.

STEAM IN CITIES.

A NEW steam road has been successfully started in Philadelphia which carries passengers a distance of five miles through one of the principal streets of the city. So far as tried it appears to work well, and

incurs even less opposition than was feared. The cars run with little noise or friction, and the gain in speed is very perceptible. On that line, at least, there is no fear of epizootic, sunstroke, and other ills to which horseflesh is liable. There the problem of steam in cities is fairly solved without resort to the expedient of tracks elevated above the sidewalk. Brooklyn, also, has taken a bold step forward in this direction. A large gang of men are now at work on Atlantic Avenue with the intention of insuring steam connection between the ferry and East New York and the whole range of towns lying beyond. The project is to be pushed with all speed, and it is expected that the express trains will be running by the 1st of June and the local trains by the 1st of July. Official authorization of the work has been given by the Brooklyn Board of City Works, and nothing now stands in the way of its rapid completion.

Meanwhile the million and a half of people in this city are seemingly content with a few disconnected experiments in rapid transit. On the elevated line two hundred trains are now run daily each way between South Ferry and Central Park, with a speed that is comparatively rapid, but long and expensive litigation seems likely to hinder the extension of the line on the east side, and opposition has entirely checked the progress of the Gilbert Elevated Road. The question, therefore, comes seriously home whether the property-owners of the city are willing to allow Brooklyn to offer quick transit to those doing business in the city who desire to live where rents are moderate, or whether they will do what lies in their power to retain the present population, and, if possible, increase it. The suburbs of the city offer attractive homes at cheap rents. Long Island, parts of New Jersey, Staten Island, and even a section of Connecticut, offer better inducements for residence to men of limited income than many parts of this city, and it is not surprising, under the circumstances, to find that there is a continual exodus of young householders. There ought to be some remedy found for this state of affairs. The elevated road on the west side is a great public accommodation, but it only partially answers the necessities of the case. It can only carry a portion of those who desire quick transportation from the upper to the lower portion of the city, and its rate of fare puts it practically out of reach of the laboring class. It is well known that the bulk of population lies on the east side, and the system of quick transit that is designed for the benefit of the masses must make its location there. The Vanderbilt road from Forty-second Street is an accommodation as far as it goes. But those who start from down-town must spend their first three-quarters of an hour in the horse-cars and pay sixteen cents for passage to the upper part of the island. It is deficient, also, in trains for the accommodation of people who visit the theatres during the week, and who desire to go down-town to church on Sunday. The trains that go up from the depot at night either start too early or too late to properly benefit evening pleasure-seekers. On Sunday as many people usually come down in the ten o'clock train as ordinarily fill the business trains through the week, and it would seem that they deserve to be specially accommodated in returning. There is another drawback, also, that should be mentioned. All the new trains—those commonly known as the rapid transit trains—run through the side tunnels, and the close, confined air, shut windows, and penetrating smoke of the locomotive, regularly make a quarter of the passengers sick. The alternative during the Summer season is to use the boats, and the bulk of travel from the upper wards of this city avails itself of their advantages. With the opening of Spring, the boats are always thronged, and the passengers thoroughly enjoy the delightful sail and the sense of roominess that a ride upon the water conveys. Unfortunately, this pleasant alternative is not offered at night and during the Winter.

In order to effectually solve the problem of quick transit on the east side of the city, under the present condition of affairs, it is evident that there should be steam connection between the Battery—or adjacent parts—and the Grand Central Depot. As elevated roads are in fashion at present, there ought to be no difficulty in securing the right of way through Pearl, Chatham and other streets where the line must pass, and thus give a much-needed impulse to population in the upper part of the city. Probably if the experiment be pushed as far as the Grand Central Depot, it will keep on its way to Harlem and beyond, with a timetable of twenty-two minutes from the Battery to Harlem, and with fares at a reasonable figure. It, however, the elevated road is not to solve the problem for our city, why should we not try the same experiment that has proved successful in Philadelphia, and that the City of Churches is now inaugurating? New York cannot afford to be distanced in the race for facilities of transportation. The inventive spirit of the age

offers to furnish steam in cities, and this great commercial metropolis ought to be prompt to avail itself of the opportunity.

TRANSATLANTIC NEWS.

MONG the latest items of interest transmitted by the Atlantic Cable, the first place—at least for New Yorkers—belongs to those relating to the discovery and identification, in London, of our missing ex-Mayor, A. Oakey Hall, but under circumstances which render it charitable to make as little public comment as possible upon them. The daily press has detailed the particulars of this strange, sad case. Prince Bismarck, with all his prodigious individuality, finds it more difficult than it seemed to ex-Mayor Hall, and, long ago, to Governor Sam Houston, to plunge suddenly, at will, into unknown depths of private life. The rumor that Bismarck had determined to retire from the influential and almost controlling position which he holds in Continental politics, was the European sensation during the opening week of this month. Kaiser Wilhelm would not accept the resignation which his great minister offered, on April 1st, of the Imperial Chancellorship, retaining, however, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The difficulties which Bismarck has encountered in the internal administration of the empire must have disgusted him; but, even this, together with the necessity for repose on account of impaired health, would not make it likely that, according to the notion of certain Parisian editors, he wishes to leave to others the responsibility of deciding the Eastern Question should Russia conclude to have war. Bismarck is "not that kind of a man." From all the conflicting accounts of his alleged resignation, it seems that the Prince Chancellor will be content with a six months' furlough, holding himself ready to return to the helm if war breaks out in Europe.

The prospect that war will break out is threatening enough at this moment, despite the signing of the protocol—which the London *Times* calls "the greatest event in contemporaneous history." Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chief Secretary for Ireland, at a banquet in Gloucester, on the evening of April 4th, explained the protocol to be a renewed proof of the union of the six Great Powers on a question which would be most dangerous if left to one of them; and, also, a pledge for the maintenance of a peace during which it is hoped that Turkey will effect reforms impossible while the thunderbolt of war was hanging on her frontier. He declared that "in the negotiations England was now the leader of Europe." He added that "the present moment was hopeful, but no one could tell what difficulties and dangers might arise." Meanwhile, most of the Russian journals are trying to show that the protocol means nothing, and cannot prevent war. In Turkey, the protocol negotiation is generally considered a Russian device to gain time, and to establish Russia's position whenever she chooses to bring about a collision. It is said, however, that among the Turks the men responsible for peace or war, such as the Sultan himself, Mahmoud Damad and Said Pasha, are earnestly and even anxiously desirous of peace. Certainly startling statistics might be arrayed to prove that they have sound financial reasons for this.

Notwithstanding all rumors of war, courts flourish and the arts of peace are not neglected in Europe. The eighty-year-old Emperor of Germany wears on certain *fele* days no fewer than eighty-eight decorations and medals. Queen Victoria's granddaughter, Princess Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Crown-Prince Frederick William of Germany, has been formally betrothed to the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen. Prince Arthur, youngest son of the Queen of England and Empress of India, was twenty-four years old on the 7th of April. Paris is full of American and other foreign visitors. In the Paris *salon* this year, two celebrated painters, Gérôme and Gustave Doré, will exhibit as sculptors. Several American artists display the results of study at Rome, Munich, and at home, as well as at Paris. A young Russian singer, Mlle. Outomsky, and two young Russian pianists, Mlle. Timonoff and Mlle. Tchokoloff, have just achieved notoriety. In fact, since "Papa Thiers" narrowly escaped tumbling down-stairs when he escorted General Ignatief, after the latter's visit to the historian and ex-President, everything Russian is the rage at Paris. This partly accounts for the immense success of the novels of Henry Greville (Madame Durant-Greville) after five years of delay and disappointment. The French critics do not hesitate to compare favorably her description of Russian life and scenery with the best descriptive pages of George Sand. Victorien Sardou is a candidate for the Academy chair of the late Joseph Autran, the Marseilles poet. Alexandre Dumas has been nominated Director of the French Academy for the April *trimestre*, and consequently, according to usage, he will preside

over the distribution of prizes and pronounce the discourse on delivering the prize of Virtue. Well, the author of "Camille" must be credited with a definite moral purpose in writing that play. If a very French Dr. Johnson—as Klopstock was called, by Coleridge, a very German Milton—Dumas is, at least from a French point of view, a stern moralist.

"LION JACK."

THE following criticism of "Lion Jack," the exciting story of African adventure written by P. T. Barnum, especially for publication in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' & GIRLS' WEEKLY, is taken from the *London Times*:

"It will be seen that the readers of 'Rosine' have no reason to complain of lack of excitement; but what are the terrors of the political convulsion in aristocracy-ridden France to the perils from which Lion Jack came off scatheless? Mr. P. T. Barnum, after having tried his hand at most trades, has come into the field as a story-teller, and his efforts in that direction are worthy of the enterprise of the Napoleon of showmen. Had Lion Jack been cast into the Flavian Amphitheatre with the martyrs in the days of the Pagan persecution, he would assuredly have brought down the house by the liberties he would have taken with the lions and tigers. He is an incarnation of the sublimation of the majesty of the human form divine, and embodies the triumph of mind over matter. He had been fortunate enough to meet his Barnum on the threshold of his career, and goes forth on an expedition to Southern Africa, the object of which is to replenish an American menagerie. He has his jealous enemies, like all rising men, and their diabolical malice conspires against him with the ferocity of the wild animals of the wilderness. But, happily, he has many more lives than a cat, and, like a cat, he always tumbles on his feet, whatever may be the circumstances that combine against him. He discovers a mutiny on board the ship, and is made the instrument of quelling it triumphantly. By a timely act of good nature, he secures the devotion of the most relentless of the mutineers. When he is thrown overboard by one of those enemies of his he lands on the carcass of a whale, and lays the foundation of his fortunes by selling the blubber of the prize. He plays the rough rider on a pair of savage oxen, and makes them as docile as lambs in his hands. On his first hunt he bags a gigantic lion with point-blank shots, delivered at ten yards from a pair of Derringer pistols. He lassos antelopes and roving Caffre scouts as if he had been brought up among the Gauchos on the Pampas. He helps to net other lions as if he had been poaching partridges. He harpoons the hippopotamus as if he had served his apprenticeship in a whaler. In a single night of watching, which, as the author puts it mildly, sounds like a romance, the game-bag and the casualties amounted to a total of two dead Caffres and a dead Zulu, one lion, one leopard, and several hyenas. He tames a captured elephant for good and all, more promptly than Mr. Rarey manipulated Cruiser, and subsequently gallops her about, holding her well in hand, although she is a trifle over his weight. He slips deftly through the folds of a Brobdingnagian boa-constrictor that envelopes his horse and crushes it to a mummy. He behaves like a hero and veteran in repeated encounters, against overwhelming odds, with hordes of the terrible Matabele warriors. Finally, perhaps, he caps these and innumerable other adventures by casting a bolt round the legs of a camelopard, and a noose over the creature's neck, and then mounting and riding it into camp, where he arrives in the height of an action with the savages, to the intense surprise of the combatants. Add to this that Jack has a touching love-affair on hand, which will be probably brought to a head in the promised sequel to the present narrative, and it will be seen that Mr. Barnum has gathered the materials for a sufficiently stirring romance. We must add, however, that, although he may seem to give the rein to his fancy, the narrative is mainly based on ascertained facts and an acquaintance with the habits of wild beasts and savages. Consequently, though it smacks decidedly of the sensational, it is not uninstructive reading for boys; and we greatly doubt if the boldest of them will be tempted into trifling with the feelings of their parents by emulating the adventures of its mythical hero."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—Speculations are rife respecting the political complexion of the next Congress. The roll-call of the next House indicates a Democratic majority of about twelve. Thus far, of the 293 certificates, 285 have been received. Clerk Adams has not completed his list nor given any authority to any one to state its composition. His duties under the law are very plain and simple, and he proposes, it is said, to execute them in deciding on the *prima facie* rights of the members of the next House. The questions involved in the case of the Colorado member have not been disposed of.

NO COMPROMISE.—On April 5th, Secretary Sherman, having had submitted to him a test case of compromise in the matter of prosecuting the bondsmen of convicted revenue officers, issued a decision utterly refusing to compromise such cases. The applicants in the matter were sureties for defaulting officials. They urged three reasons for not being held liable; that they at present have no property subject to execution; that their principals have been pardoned for the crime of which they were convicted; and lastly, that the judgments had been rendered against the distillers for the taxes lost by the gaugers' crimes. To this the Secretary responds that in the first case the petitioners are not likely to suffer; in the second, the pardoning of a criminal by the President does not release his sureties from pecuniary liability; and in the last case, the judgments have never been satisfied. Consequently, the Secretary must insist upon the strict enforcement of the law.

SEEKING RELIEF.—The country at large will be slow to believe in the reality of the civil service reform which the present Administration promises us, and place-seekers, as a rule, ignore the heads of departments in which they desire positions, and seek the President in person. On April 6th Mr. Hayes intimated that he intended to establish some rule by which he would be relieved from pressure

for office. Many of the applicants who thronged the ante-room of the Executive Mansion were for places which, according to custom and usage, are given out by heads of departments. He intended to have their applications made to the latter, and to give notice also that he would not give a personal hearing to office-seekers, though he would not be unwilling to have an audience now and then with some of their friends, to whom he could put questions regarding the candidate's fitness for the place which he could not put to the candidate himself.

OFFICE-SEEKERS.—The number of office-seekers who haunt the White House and departments is diminishing, although the applications are still sufficiently numerous to occupy a great portion of the time devoted by the President and his Cabinet to receiving visitors. Among those still waiting are several prominent gentlemen who spent the entire Summer and Fall of last year in making campaign speeches, and who are beginning to get impatient that their claims for official recognition are not attended to. One of these remarked lately that, while civil service reform was a very good thing to talk about, everybody who had had any experience in the conduct of an administration must know that it would not do to ignore the claims of those who had labored most faithfully to secure the election of the Republican ticket. He disclaimed desiring any office himself, but said that he had friends to whom he was under great obligations, and whom he expected to be provided for. Meanwhile it is understood that the President will fill no offices until vacancies occur, and, even if he attends only to those cases in which commissions have expired, and undertakes to inform himself as to the facts in regard to each of these, his time will be entirely occupied until Congress meets on the 4th of June.

A REJECTED PROPOSITION.—It was seriously urged upon President Hayes, by Chamberlain and party, that the South Carolina problem should be committed for solution to a joint commission. The compromise proposed to the Cabinet embraced the following details: First, a submission of all returns of the election for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and other papers and evidence bearing thereon, to a commission of five persons, who should finally decide the contest, and declare the result of the election; or, second, the submission of all the returns of the election of members of the House of Representatives, and other papers and evidence, to a like commission, who should declare what persons had been duly elected members of the House, such persons then to organize, and the election of Governor and Lieutenant-Governor to be submitted to the Senate and the House so constituted. Three different ways of selecting the commission were proposed: First, by appointment of the President; second, by the choice of two persons by each party, the Chief-Judge of the United States making the fifth; third, two persons by each party, the fifth to be chosen by the other four, by lot or otherwise. The advantages of this scheme were not obvious.

NAVY HALF-PAY.—From April 1st the officers of the United States Navy are to receive only one-half the amount of their salaries until Congress makes an appropriation in their behalf. On the 3d inst. the Secretary issued a circular in which he stated his regrets that it had become his duty to announce to the officers of the naval service that the amount of money found by him in the Treasury of the United States to the credit of the appropriation "Pay of the Navy," is insufficient to pay the officers for the months of April, May, and June. The Secretary proposed to retain as much as may be found necessary of what there is in the Treasury under "Pay of the Navy" for the purpose of paying allotments to the wives of officers and sailors whose husbands are abroad in the service of their country and unable to otherwise provide for them, and in this purpose the Secretary feels that he will be sustained by every high-minded honorable officer in the Navy of the United States. The deficiency required to pay the officers of the navy for the three months mentioned will be about \$750,000. The order is not intended to apply to enlisted men, as enough funds are on hand to pay them, and in addition thereto the officers could be paid for the first ten days in April, but it is not deemed expedient to compensate them for this fractional part of a month. The appropriation for the pay of the navy during the present fiscal year was \$5,750,000; but the amount actually required for that purpose is \$7,500,000. The Deficiency Appropriation Bill passed at the last session appropriated \$1,000,000 additional, leaving a deficiency of \$750,000 yet to be appropriated to pay the officers up to the end of the present fiscal year.

THE SECRET SERVICE.—The Treasury Department is being gradually reorganized by Mr. Sherman. In order to perfect his scheme he proposes to consolidate the Secret Service force with the force of special customs agents. There are twenty special agents of the Customs Service appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury. The law authorizing their appointment defines their duties with respect to the examination of collectors' books, and the detection of frauds upon the revenue. The Secret Service force is a force supported by an annual appropriation made for the suppression of counterfeiting and the detection of other frauds. It has been suggested to the Secretary that these two organizations can be consolidated, and placed under the charge of one man, with great advantage to the service both in point of economy and efficiency. The practice has been for some years to use these two forces to some extent interchangeably. In addition to the regular work of the Secret Service, agents have frequently been employed in the detection of customs and internal revenue frauds. This has been especially true within the last four years, when in all the great raids to break up frauds—either in the customs or internal revenue departments—notably in the war on the Whisky Ring—the Secret Service did efficient work. It is said that there is not a single counterfeit plate being engraved in the country to-day, and that the only work now for the Secret Service force is to prevent counterfeit money from obtaining circulation.

THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.—As a result of a conference between Secretary Schurz and the heads of various bureaus in his department, held April 4th, a Board of Inquiry was agreed upon, which is to act upon all charges made against persons employed by his department, and to pass upon the qualification of those now in office. The Board is to be composed of three members, to be selected from the clerks of the fourth class or from a corps of examiners in the Patent Office, to serve for the period of three months. This Board will examine such persons as may be ordered before them by the Secretary, and determine by practical tests their fitness for the positions they hold, and recommend advancement, reduction, suspension or dismissal, as facts ascertained by the examination may warrant. When charges are preferred against any person employed, the latter shall be informed of their nature, and be allowed time to file an answer or appear in person to make explanation. If no answer is filed or explanation made, the charges will be deemed to have been sustained. If the charges are of a character to affect the official integrity of a person, and the evidence is reasonably clear as to the truth, the Board will recommend the suspension of the person accused until the inquiry is closed. When reductions are to be made a list of twenty-five per centum in excess of the number to be dismissed will be furnished to the Board, from which, after careful inquiry as to the relative merit of each person, the required number will be selected. All recommendations from persons not connected with the department urging the retention or promotion of any person will be referred to the Board of Inquiry, and it is to be discretionary with the Board to summon the persons so recommended to appear before them for such examination as may be necessary to determine the value of the endorsements filed in their behalf. It is also provided that the result of the inquiries of the Board shall be submitted to the Secretary of the Interior for his approval.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE STATE BANKS AT NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., AND HARRISBURG, PA., SUSPENDED.

S. W. RORENDALE, ex-Recorder, was appointed receiver of the World Mutual Life Insurance Company.

IN THE ELECTION IN RHODE ISLAND ON THE 4TH, THE STATE WENT REPUBLICAN BY A LARGELY REDUCED MAJORITY.

COMPTROLLER KELLY reported that \$690,849.52 had been recovered in the New York Ring suits, at a cost of \$226,711.34.

EX-MAYOR HALL, of New York City, was identified in London. He will give no reason for his presence there, nor state his future movements.

A LARGE NUMBER OF HOSTILE INDIANS SURNDERRED TO THE UNITED STATES TROOPS, WHO REPORT THAT SITTING BULL IS FLEEING TO THE RESERVATION IN BRITISH AMERICA.

THE VARIOUS TRUNK LINES OF RAILROADS ADOPTED A NEW COMPACT, WITH FIXED DIFFERENCES OF THREE CENTS IN FAVOR OF BALTIMORE, AND TWO CENTS IN FAVOR OF PHILADELPHIA.

ALL THE POSTAL-CARD BIDS WERE REJECTED BY THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, IN ORDER TO DEFEND A SCHEME TO SECURE THE CONTRACT ILLEGALLY, AND NEW BIDS WILL BE CALLED FOR.

THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH MET IN REGULAR SESSION IN KINGSTON, N. Y., AND THE NEW YORK EAST CONFERENCE, AT HARTFORD, CONN.

IN OBEDIENCE TO THE PRESIDENT'S DECISION, ORDERS WERE ISSUED FOR THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE UNITED STATES TROOPS FROM THE SOUTH CAROLINA STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, AT NOON ON THE 9TH.

DURING THE PAST WEEK THE PRICES OF GOLD FLUCTUATED IN NEW YORK AS FOLLOWS: MONDAY, 105 1/2 @ 104 1/2; TUESDAY, 104 1/2 @ 104 1/2; WEDNESDAY, 104 1/2 @ 105 1/2; THURSDAY, 104 1/2 @ 105; FRIDAY, 105; SATURDAY, 105.

TRENTON W. PARK, broker, failed on the 3d, and threw the New York Stock Market into confusion, but on the following day announced his ability to pay in full all demands, and a threatened panic was averted.

THE GULF AND WESTERN TEXAS, AND THE PEORIA AND ROCK ISLAND RAILROADS, WERE SOLD AT AUCTION ON THE 3D AND 4TH—THE FORMER BRINGING \$100,000, AND THE LATTER \$550,000, SUBJECT TO A FIRST MORTGAGE OF \$150,000.

THE SPECIAL LOUISIANA COMMISSION REACHED NEW ORLEANS, AND ON THE 6TH HELD CONFERENCES WITH MESSRS. PACKARD AND NICHOLLS. A MASS MEETING WAS HELD IN LAFAYETTE SQUARE TO WELCOME THE COMMISSION, IN WHICH NEARLY 15,000 CITIZENS PARTICIPATED.

Foreign.

IT WAS OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED THAT THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT WOULD UPHOLD THE PAPAL GUARANTEES LAW.

PRINCE BISMARCK TENDERED HIS RESIGNATION AS CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN MINISTRY, WHICH THE EMPEROR REFUSED TO ACCEPT, GRANTING HIM IN ITS STEAD A YEAR'S RELEASING FROM ALL PUBLIC WORK.

COMMUNIST REFUGEES IN SWITZERLAND HAVE SUCCEEDED IN INTRODUCING FIREARMS IN SEVERAL DEPARTMENTS OF FRANCE, WITH A VIEW TO A FUTURE UPRISE. THE GOVERNMENT HAS ORDERED A MORE COMPLETE SURVEILLANCE OF THE FRONTIER.

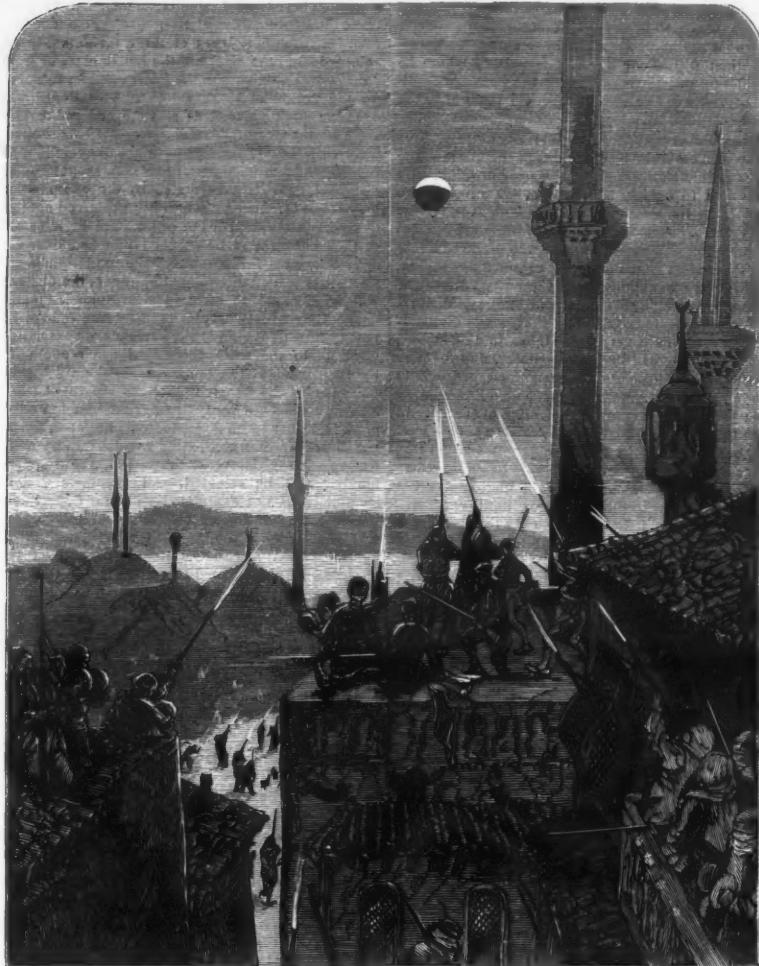
PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF SENT A NOTE TO THE PORTE DEMANDING ACCEPTANCE OF THE PROTOCOL AND COMPLIANCE WITH RUSSIA'S REQUIREMENTS CONCERNING DISARMAMENT, BORDER, ETC. GORTCHAKOFF ASKS FOR A CATEGORICAL ANSWER BEFORE THE 13TH INST.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY HAS MADE OVERTURES TO THE BRITISH FOR PEACE. HE IS WILLING TO APOLOGIZE, BUT DECLARES THAT HE IS UNABLE TO PAY THE FINE OF 500 PUNCHEONS OF PALM-OIL IMPOSED BY THE BRITISH COMMANDER, AND ASKS THAT THE FINE BE REDUCED TO 125 PUNCHEONS.

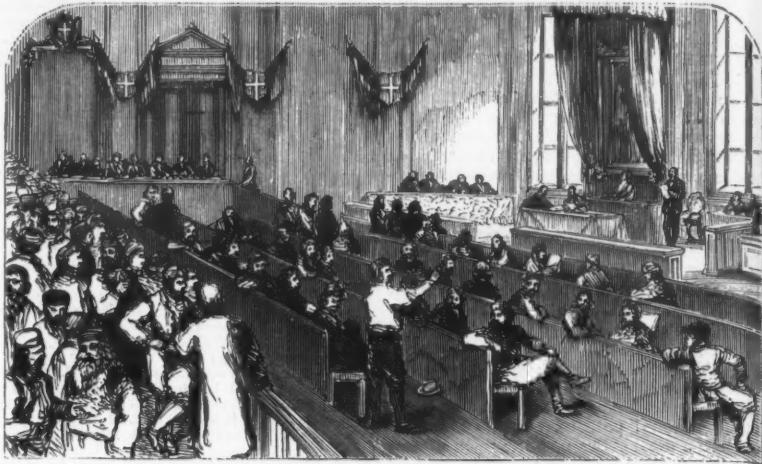
AT AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF THE DIRECT UNITED STATES CABLE COMPANY HELD IN LONDON ON THE 6TH, A RESOLUTION FAVORING AN ALLIANCE WITH THE ANGLO-AMERICAN COMPANY WAS CARRIED BY 2,060 AGAINST 1,670 VOTES. THE DIRECTORS THEN RESIGNED, AND NEW ONES WERE ELECTED.

THE ERIC RECONSTRUCTION TRUSTEES IN LONDON ANNOUNCED THAT OVER £240,000 HAD BEEN PAID ON ACCOUNT OF ASSESSMENT ON THE PREFERENCE AND ORDINARY SHARES. THIS REPRESENTS NEARLY HALF THE SHARE CAPITAL. THE BONDHOLDERS OF THE VARIOUS CLASSES HAVE ALSO GIVEN THEIR ADHESION TO AN EXTENT REPRESENTING \$29,000,000 OUT OF \$61,000,000.

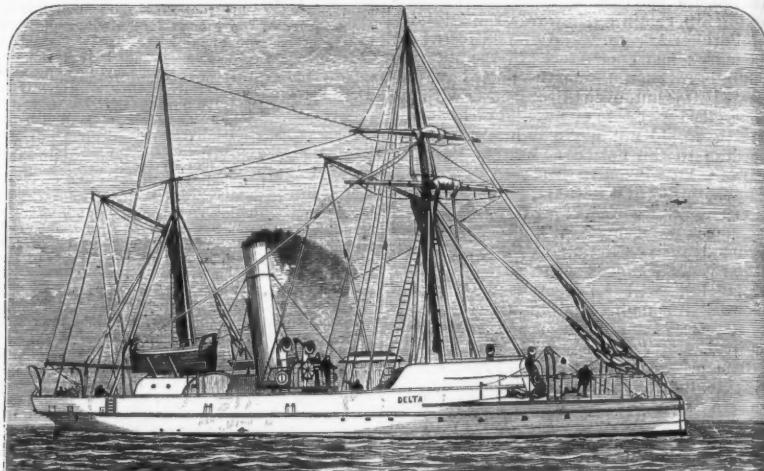
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 119.



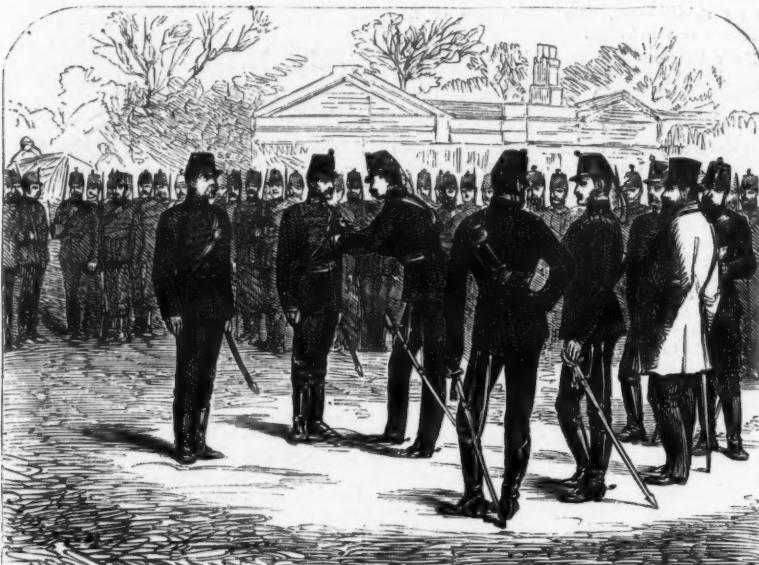
TURKEY.—THE CITIZENS OF CONSTANTINOPLE ATTACKING THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON IN ORDER TO DRIVE AWAY THE DEVIL.



SERVIA.—A SESSION OF THE SKUPSTINA IN BELGRADE.



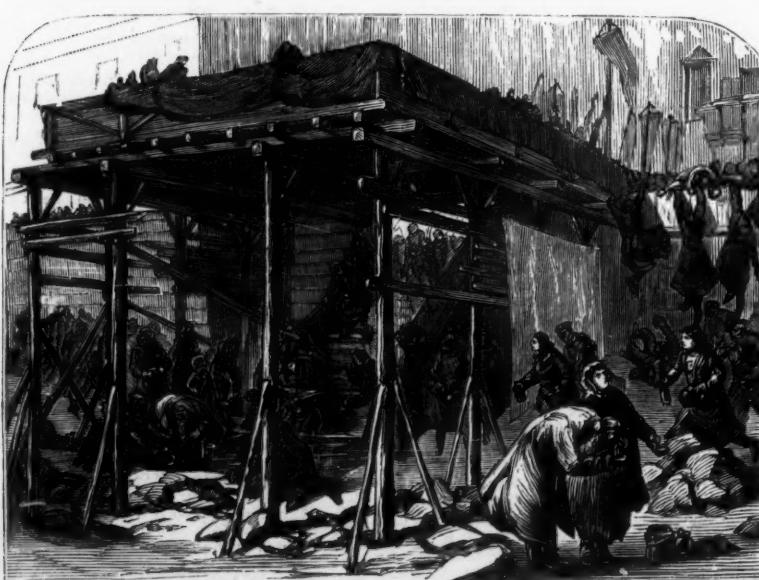
CHINA.—THE NEW CHINESE GUNBOAT "DELTA."



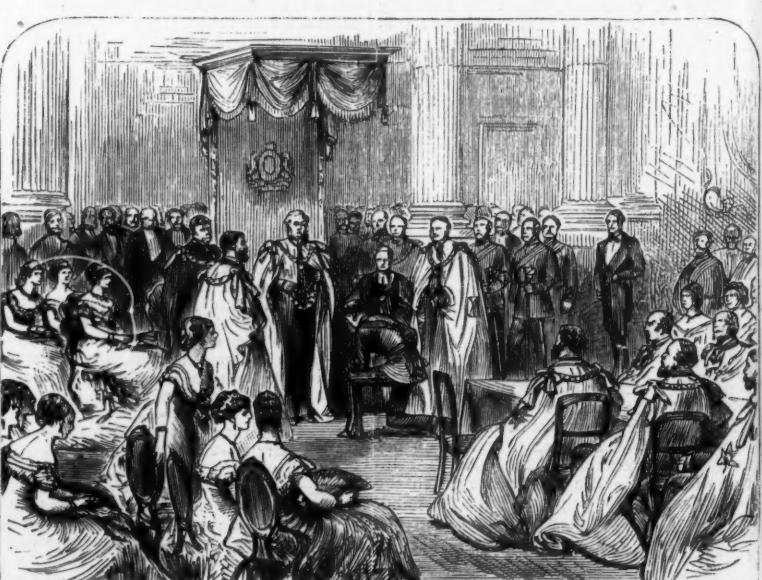
ENGLAND.—PRESENTATION OF MEDALS TO THE SERGEANTS OF THE FORTY-NINTH MIDDLESEX RIFLES.



RUSSIA.—SOLDIERS RÉGALING THEMSELVES WITH TEA IN KISHINEFF.



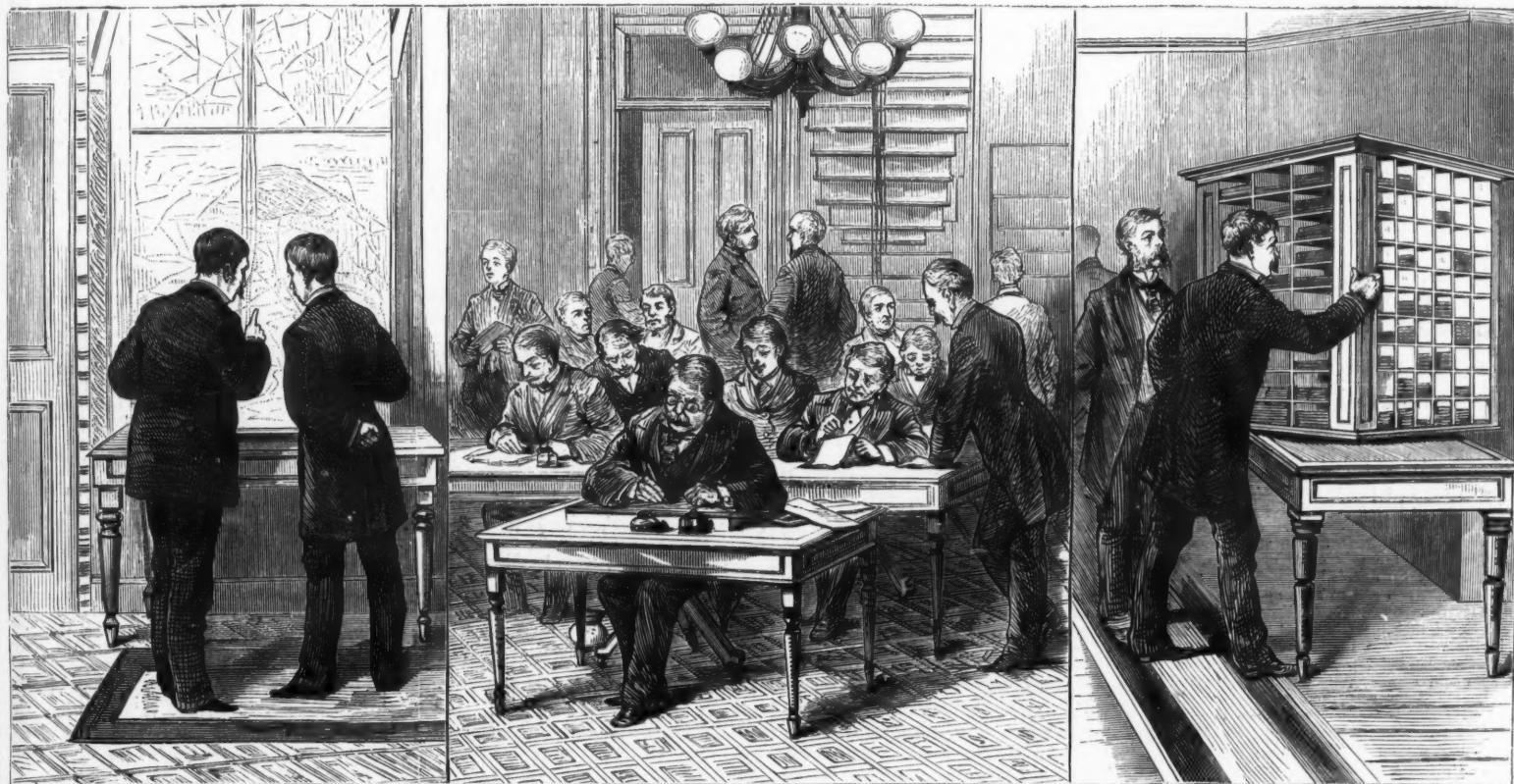
RUSSIA.—THE ANNUAL CEREMONY OF BLESSING THE NEVA IN ST. PETERSBURG.



IRELAND.—INSTALLATION OF THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER AS A KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK.



PRESENTING MONEY ORDERS FOR PAYMENT.



THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT—EXAMINING THE MAP.

THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OFFICE.

BOXES FOR REGULAR DEALERS.



THE CASHIER'S DESK.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE MONEY-ORDER DEPARTMENT.

STAMPING MONEY ORDERS.

LAIS.

WAXEN and crimson and golden,
Fragrant, and hued like a flower,
Clad in a beauty beholding
Not to the spell of the hour,
She leaned on my shoulder, and prest
Soft, eager hands on my breast,
Kissed me, and mocked at her power.

Man, are you glad that you have me,
Even though but for a night?
Say, while you hold and enslave me,
Falls there a shadow of blight?
Remember the hour is your own,
To morrow that hour will be flown;
Rejoice in to-morrow's despite.

Man, you are maddened and shamed—
Yes, to the roots of your heart;
Parched with a thirst, that unsaken
Shall never hereafter depart!
Mad, that another shall buy
Kiss and caresses and sigh,
Powerless fool that thou art!

What is there here or hereafter
Sweeter than woman like me?
Creatures of folly and laughter,
Foam of life's dangerous sea.
Yet, would you keep for your own
Froth on the gray sands blown,
Charmless, if so it might be?

Waxen and crimson and golden,
Fragrant, and hued like a flower,
Clad in a beauty beholding
To more than the spell of the hour,
She leaned on my shoulder, and prest
Soft, eager hands on my breast,
Kissed me, and mocked at her power.

ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

EDGED TOOLS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE old feud between Miss Bell and Mr. Halliday had undergone a decided change, or might fairly be said to have ceased. It takes two to quarrel, and since Caleb's return he had apparently lost all eagerness for the fray. His manner toward Lesley was scrupulously polite, if nothing more; and, though he showed no disposition to dispute Archie's monopoly of his pretty cousin's society, he was at all times ready to be of service, or to offer his host's daughter those small every-day courtesies which he had at one time been quite as resolute to withhold.

Lesley was puzzled by the change—perhaps even disappointed—but it had of necessity affected her own manner, so that since the occasion of her deliberate insult on the evening of his return from Liverpool, the young man had had no cause to complain of the treatment he received at her hands.

Perhaps Archie Strangways's persistent sulking towards her father's guest had made Miss Bell conscious of her own past failings in this respect—perhaps she was beginning to forget the original cause of provocation; but it is certain that the young lady had changed quite as much as Mr. Halliday himself.

Mrs. Powlett, who was looking on, and nervously scanning the horizon for the first indication of a storm, was at a loss to account for the absence of such symptoms and the steady continuance of fine weather.

The young people, however, saw much less of each other under the new order of things, for Caleb, in spite of Sir John's hospitable expostulations, had firmly declined to take up his quarters again at Heycot.

He declared that the sole object of his present stay in the village was the execution of a little farewell commission for Doctor Swayne, and, that done, he would at once return to his home and business. Sir John was, therefore, fain to be content with the young man's promise that he would dine at the house whenever he could find time, and that without waiting for any special invitation. Of this kindness Caleb readily availed himself, and, having nothing whatever to tempt him in the village, he found his way up to the pleasant drawing-room at Heycot almost every evening.

Mrs. Powlett was, of course, delighted to see him, and, if Lesley had but little to say, she was at least willing to gratify him by singing, and once or twice actually remembered his preference for some particular song, and chose it of her own accord for the next evening's performance.

Caleb was careful to take no notice of the concession, which he chose to look upon as an accident; and, if Mr. Strangways was not quite of this opinion, he contrived to keep his feelings to himself. Lesley had her own motives, doubtless, for treating the "fellow" as she did, though her cousin superciliously; and, to do him justice, the "fellow" did not seem disposed to presume.

Lesley was chattering very fast to Sir John about something one evening when Caleb arrived, and Archie, who was stroking his dark little mustache and leaning languidly against the mantelpiece, was putting in an occasional word in support of her argument.

"Papa, it is not so very far," she was urging, as she stood before her father, holding his coat-collar in both her little hands. "We could easily drive back—or why should not we stay all night at the 'Royal George,' if it should be so very late?"

Sir John objected loudly to the "Royal George."

"Lesley is trying to persuade Sir John to take her to some entertainment at Lymminster next week," explained Mrs. Powlett, good-naturedly, to Caleb—"a real Italian concert, as she calls it, with Patti and a London company."

Lesley took no notice of the explanation.

"Archie, why don't you help me to persuade papa?" she cried, gayly; and, accordingly, the two young people set upon Sir John, who made a valiant resistance.

He did not approve of the night-air and the long drive in a thin dress. The concert was sure to be a failure. Who had ever heard of a decent concert at Lymminster? His little girl had much better stop at home and sing duets with Archie. All of which

arguments were received with signals of the gravest discontent by Lesley.

When Lesley and Mrs. Powlett had left the dining-room that evening, Caleb put in his word.

"I hope you will allow Miss Bell to go to this concert, sir," he said, carelessly. "I was over at Lymminster to-day, and I got a lot of tickets, thinking the ladies might like to hear the swell new tenor, who is said to be uncommonly handsome."

"His voice appears to be a secondary consideration with you," remarked Archie, with a scornful smile.

"I thought I mentioned that I was consulting the ladies' taste," returned Caleb, imperturbably. "I am no judge of music or good looks myself."

"Manchester cultivates what is useful, naturally, in preference to anything artistic or beautiful."

"Naturally."

Archie was very fair at a drawing-room ballad, and possessed a sweet little conceited tenor voice, with which he was wont to eke out the charms of his pale young face and haughty manners. Young ladies considered his singing delightfully expressive, and were apt to believe, after hearing him wail through "Once again" or "Si tu savais," that his past life concealed a mystery.

Mr. Strangways took pains not to undeceive them, and was, indeed, in the habit of strengthening the impression by faint penciled dates and poetical quotations of a despairing nature scribbled on the margin of his music.

Not De Musset nor Byron had been more harrowed and scorched by passion and woman's treachery than Mrs. Strangways's twenty-two-year-old son, if one might judge from these painful records; and to little Lesley they appeared to contain the very essence of a three-volume novel, in which she vaguely saw herself playing the part of ministering spirit somewhere about the last chapter, and listening in a tender little attitude to Archie's little songs through a long and unshaded married life ever after.

When Caleb returned to the drawing-room that evening, after a quiet cigarette on the terrace with Sir John, he heard the piano as usual, and young Strangways's plaintive voice vibrating, not unpleasantly, through the open windows.

"Pretty rubbish to be filling that child's head with!" he thought, shrugging his broad shoulders. "She ought to be in bed and asleep, instead of listening to that lad whining about 'buried love' and 'ecstatic pain,' and all the rest of his sentimental stock-in-trade. However, it's no business of mine, thank heaven!"

Lesley was sitting in a kind of dream near the piano, her blue eyes raised to Archie's dark face, her pretty, idle hands folded in the lap of her white muslin dress. She started as Sir John and Caleb entered, their jovial faces putting all her pretty visions to flight; and, feeling some natural irritation, she indulged in a little sigh of annoyance. Archie heard it, and rejoiced.

"Mr. Calico has discovered a taste for music," he said, in French. "You are to go to the concert, after all. He has taken tickets for the new tenor's mustache."

"Mind, Archie—he may hear you," warned Lesley, coloring.

"Nonsense! My French is not as his French, you may rest assured, nor his ear as my ear, musically or otherwise. There, my singing is over! It was meant for you, my charming little cousin, and an unsympathetic listener stifles me."

The young fellow rose with a sigh and a killing glance, and sauntered over for his tea.

"Rather a good article on Daudet's new novel in the *Revue Contemporaine*," he said, in his usual affable tone of patronage, to Mr. Halliday; and as he spoke he glanced slyly at Lesley, and handed the magazine, which lay open on a table at his elbow, to Caleb.

Caleb took it and cast his eyes over the page.

"Oh, it is a foreign book!" he said, giving it back. "Don't you find it rather hard reading?"

Archie smiled his scornful little smile, and turned on his heel.

"You see my remark was quite unintelligible," he whispered to his cousin; "so, if you are very good, and say 'Thank you,' you shall go to the concert, and, perhaps, be treated to a bouquet, the ugliest and dearest Mr. Calico can buy."

Archie could never resist a sneer at Caleb's expense. He was so hard-up himself that the well-filled pockets and careless daily liberality of the other stabbed him with bitter envy and dislike. He felt it hard that he should be made to cut such a contemptible figure before his cousin, not having sufficient delicacy to understand that his poverty was just what pleaded most strongly for him in Lesley's warm little heart, which would have been glad to see every one as happy and as well dressed and lodged as she was herself.

She was mortified now that the tickets should have come from Caleb, and not from Archie; she even thought of professing a sudden change of mind and of declining the proffered pleasure. But the temptation was too strong. Concerts did not grow on every bush at Chatton, and so she made her speech of thanks to Caleb, to which the young man scarcely seemed to listen, going off as soon as she had finished her stiff little sentences, and challenging Mrs. Powlett to a game of bezique.

Lesley looked after his tall, retreating figure, and then turned a little pale.

"Beauty and the beast," whispered Archie. "This beast will not turn out a prince, Lesley—take my word for it—so let him growl!"

"Don't!" Miss Bell returned, crossly; and she turned her back on her cousin, and took up a book, with hands that trembled a good deal.

Archie was snubbed, and he did not forget that he was to Caleb Halliday.

Lesley lay and tossed for at least an hour in her white bed that night, wondering what manner of man this was whom fate had brought under her father's roof—wondering whether she herself, in her seventeenth year, could be growing old and ugly and uninteresting, or what it could be which steeled this stranger's heart against each and all of her little traps and wiles.

"I can't even make him angry now!" she thought, wrathfully, as she sat up in the moonlight, clasping her hands on her knees, and staring out absently at the windy tree-tops that were

swaying restlessly across her uncurtained panes.

"I can't please him, either, for the matter of that! What is he made of? Why should he treat me as if I were a good little girl in pinafore, ever since I have descended to be civil to him? Why should he be so blind to Archie's attentions, and take it for granted that they are only cousins? Will nothing move him? Will nothing ruffle that indifferent, impertinent, insufferable good-temper of his, and make him feel, as I have felt ever since he came here, what it is to be despised?"

The poor child actually cried with vexation. Her pillow and her loosened hair were drenched with the angry, passionate shower. But crying would not mend matters, and, hastily drying her eyes, she set to work to review her plan of action during the past few days, and to resolve upon a change of tactics.

"He came back, at any rate!" she thought, with a flush of eager satisfaction. "He said he would not—but he did! And I must find out why."

Lesley nestled down among the clothes with a smile on her face, and was soon tranquilly dreaming.

Caleb, in his far-off bachelor-chamber, turned uneasily at the same moment and sighed in his sleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON the day of the concert two magnificent bouquets, exactly alike, arrived from London, carefully packed in cotton-wool—one for Mrs. Powlett, one for Lesley.

Archie sneered, of course; but all his ungracious remarks failed to persuade his cousin that the exquisite combination of gardenias and heartsease in the immense nosegay which she could scarcely hold in one hand was such very bad taste after all.

The girl was in intense excitement all day, and could scarcely sit patiently through dinner. Caleb smiled in spite of himself as he saw the fair head turning every five minutes to the clock on the dining-room mantel-piece, and he was also compelled to admit inwardly that Miss Bell looked unusually pretty in that white gauze sort of dress with the azaleas in her lovely golden hair.

Long before the hour of starting—Sir John had been victimized with a five-o'clock dinner—he came running down the oaken staircase in a coquettish white Dolman, and with all her graceful paraphernalia of long white gloves and lace fan and huge bouquet. There was also a fluffy white hood, the Marie Stuart point of which, she explained to Archie, must come exactly in the middle of her forehead, unless he wished her life to be a dreary blank for ever after, saying which she gave it to her cousin to tie on under the hall-lamp, holding up her soft chin the while, and looking into his dark, admiring eyes with the most innocent gaze imaginable.

Poor Archie's hand trembled as it happened to touch Miss Bell's downy cheek; he bungled sadly over the business, and she grew impatient.

"Oh, dear, dear," she cried, stamping her foot, "we shall certainly be late! Give it to me, Archie; I will ask Dolly to—Oh, there is Mr. Halliday!"

Perhaps he would not mind—it would save me the trouble of going up-stairs again."

"Or of walking as far as the drawing-room—quite twenty steps," thought Caleb, who had been watching the little scene as he drew on his gloves. And, when Lesley, turning to him with downcast eyes, repeated the request, he professed the densest ignorance of all such matters, and went on buttoning his glove with an unmoved countenance.

"You see!" said Archie, breaking into French again.

"Yes, I see," returned Lesley, smiling oddly.

"And yet Mr. Calico's knowledge of ribbons must be more extensive than mine. I have not had the advantage of selling them in early life."

The little incident seemed to have had no effect on Lesley, and when they were all seated in the carriage—all except Sir John, who wisely preferred his arm-chair and a nap to a ten-mile drive, and a crowded concert-room—her face peeped out, flushed and radiant, from the clouds of white muslin that rose around her, and her tongue chattered incessantly all the way.

Even Caleb listened with tolerable indulgence as he began to realize what a child this pretty girl was still, and how unaffectedly excited she was over the prospect of such a mild form of dissipation.

It was a lovely night, moonlit and balmy. Here and there the twinkling light from the window of a cottage shone out of the distant shadows, or a voice or two of people walking homeward sounded pleasantly through the silence.

Lesley was in the wildest of spirits. She called on Archie to laugh with her at every little trifle, and to join her in gay extemporized scraps of recitative illustrative of her state of mind. To the sentimental boy, who was falling deeper and deeper in love every day, the task was not easy.

As for Caleb, his words were always few and guarded to Miss Bell, though it seemed to Archie's jealous eyes that "Mr. Calico" was softening dangerously as he listened to the girl's pretty chattering voice, which had once or twice acquired a certain tremor and nervousness when speaking to him that were new to Lesley.

Young Strangways leant back sulkily in the furthest corner of the carriage and gnawed his mustache as he wished that he could "make his cousin out." His cousin at that moment held up her bouquet to his nose, and, owing to a sudden jolt of the carriage-wheels, dealt him a soft blow with the flowers. He started back, naturally enough, whereupon Lesley burst into a peal of treble laughter, and called him "a dear old goose."

Now, a man does not go through all sorts of sentimental throes, and cover the margin of his music with dates and female initials, to be called a "dear old goose" and have a wretched *parvenu* bouquet stuck under his nose. Archie drew himself up and glared at Caleb, who sat opposite, with impotent hatred.

Caleb was merely asking Mrs. Powlett if the open window was too much for her, and was drawing her scarlet shawl round her shoulders with good-natured care; but Archie felt sure he was laughing at him, and so he glared at the unconscious Manchester man and did not speak.

"I think the music has got into my head already!" cried Lesley, trying to sober down, as they approached the outskirts of the town. "Archie, you must sit next to me, remember! I want you to tell me what to admire, and what to raise my eyebrows over, as you do when you look through my music-books."

Archie was silent.

"I devoutly hope you are not bent on our all looking critical, Miss Bell," put in Caleb, smiling. "I am safe to fall asleep. Music after dinner has a very soporific effect on me, as a rule."

"But you are fond of music. You always enjoy the organ in church, for instance," said Lesley, nodding sagely over her flowers.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because it sets you dreaming. I can tell by people's faces. Archie always yawns all through Dolly's voluntaries—and yet she plays very well, and has good taste."

"Thank you for the organist," said Mrs. Powlett, laughing.

Archie colored furiously.

"Now you have paid Mr. Calico for his flowers," he said to his cousin, again borrowing a foreign tongue to hide his rudeness, though he had the grace to speak a little lower. "Perhaps he is counting his money while the organ plays. If I had any to count I should not yawn either."

Lesley looked at her cousin reproachfully; the fingers of her white gloves relaxed from the offending bouquet; and, as Caleb, happening just then to touch her foot in moving, apologized, she merely bent her head, and did not say a word.

Then there was silence in the carriage for the rest of the drive. Before many minutes they drew up at the door of the Town Hall, which was ablaze with gas and flaming posters and brightly dressed ladies. Caleb took Mrs. Powlett under his care, and Archie was left to attend to his cousin. As she sprang out in her pretty white finery, her bouquet fell and was crushed under the feet of the little crowd that had assembled to see the gentry alight.

"Never mind!" she exclaimed, hastily, in her stiffer accents; and she hurried after Mrs. Powlett and Caleb, without waiting for Archie's arm.

"Why, my child, where are your flowers?" said the elder lady, when they had taken their places, the little beauty having attracted a great deal of attention during their progress up the hall.

"Dolly, they are beginning—listen!" Lesley answered, shrugging her shoulders; and so, with a crash, the overture to "Zampa," or some such inevitable number of a provincial concert programme, put an end to further remarks for the present.

And Archie, who could not get a civil word from the young lady all the evening, wished once more that he could "make his cousin out."

Meanwhile the handsome tenor justified his reputation, and Patti, in her dark Southern beauty and Parisian toilet, poured forth such wonderful music from her slender throat that Lesley's very flesh crept to hear it, and her eyes filled with tears, like two blue flowers filling with Summer rain.

When the last sweet notes had died away, and the last gloved applause had been bestowed on the bowing artists, Lesley and Mrs. Powlett stood in the lobby, cloaked and hooded, waiting, under Archie's languid protection, while Caleb went to see after the carriage.

There was a long pause—to Lesley, worn out after her day's excitement, and hungry, an intolerable long pause—and Archie was dispatched to see what had become of Mr. Halliday.

Group after group, the stately county families, the bustling townspeople, had driven away, and the slamming of doors and shouting of names were gradually calming down into a dismal silence, but still the two ladies from Heycot stood shivering and yawning, and there was no sign of the young men.

"Dolly, do you think Mr. Halliday can be fighting a duel in the market-place with Archie, or what?" suggested Lesley, crossly. "I do wish that erratic gentleman would condescend to behave like other people just for once."

Mrs. Powlett smiled a little maliciously.

"Mr. Halliday is rather apt to upset one's calculations," she returned, provokingly, "being so unlike other young men."

Lesley was a sweet-tempered girl, in spite of all her failings, and, now, though she winced and colored at this allusion to the rash vow she had registered on that evening in the Chatton lanes, she smiled, too, and nodded a gay challenge to her kind old Dolly.

"If I were not so awfully hungry, madam," she began, "I would—Ah, here they come at last, thank goodness!"

As she spoke the two young men appeared, looking very much put out, and talking and gesticulating angrily. It was no question of a duel, however, or anything more romantic than an ill-timed fit of tipsiness on the part of Jervis, the steady old coachman, who had driven Lesley about since she was born, but who, through some unaccountable freak, had chosen on this particular evening to indulge in a lengthy discussion of old ale and politics at the "Blue Lion" round the corner.

The combination had proved too strong for his honest, stupid head, for, when last seen, he had evidently forgotten all about his young mistress and her guests, and was driving home along the Chatton road, with many unseemly obtrusions to his astonished horses, Flick and Flock, who were not accustomed to such irregular proceedings.

"We had better make up our minds to stay at the 'Royal George' for to-night," recommended Mr. Halliday. "There is not a fly to be had for love or money, on account of the concert. We can telegraph to Sir John, and Miss Bell's maid can come over in the morning with whatever you ladies require."

Lesley burst into a peal of childish laughter.

"What fun!" she cried, clapping her hands. "This is something like a concert—isn't it, Dolly?"

So they made the best of it. Archie, who knew the

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along the deserted streets. A policeman looked after them, wondering. A stray dog followed them wistfully for yard or two, and then turned back, evidently convinced that he was not adapted for such good society. The lamps flickered in the chill autumnal breeze.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SICK POOR OF
NEW YORK CITY.

ON Thursday evening, April 5th, and at the Academy of Music, the children of New York City participated in the first carnival that has ever been prepared for the particular gratification of the little folks in this country. The festival was immensely successful, enjoyable and novel. Rich taste was shown in the decoration of the vast building. Flags, banners, streamers, flowers in pots, vases, bouquets, ribbons, were seen everywhere.

It was required that everybody should appear in full-dress attire, and that the children should, for once, have the monopoly of the floor and stage. Wealth, fashion, beauty, were consigned to the boxes and galleries; the orchestra, led by Lander himself, was placed in an upper gallery, and the children were emphatically in possession of the house.

The hour of seven was designated for the raising of the curtain; but, although most unashamedly early, no complaints from the older ones, who were merely spectators, were heard, nor were the grown folks so unmindful of the children's delight as to delay their appearance. At half-past seven the Academy was packed as literally and as fully as it has ever been. A moment later the curtain slowly rose to the strains of "Hail, Columbia," disclosing the first tableau. The stage was filled with the little ones, grouped pyramidal, and converging upwards towards the little girl who, dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, stood on a pedestal over and above all nations. The scene was charming beyond description, and evoked a storm of applause from the audience. The costumes were accurate in design and elaborate in finish, and their brilliant hues were happily mingled with the hundreds of sweet faces, large and small, blonde and brunette, fairly beaming with delight.

The carnival proper opened, after the fashion of the Leiderkranz masked balls, with an absorbing character procession, the children being marshaled by Professor Carl Marwig, who has directed similar carnivals in many of the gay capitals of Europe. The march was headed by Mozart and his juvenile band, and for a while the children went through figures that seemed about to involve them in the most inextricable confusion. Every step was true, firm, and rapid. At one time the procession wound itself about the floor like an immense and gayly colored snake, then it doubled up, only to break about again to form for a moment some pretty groupings. Before the children had marched far enough to become wearied, Professor Marwig gave a signal, and without a rush or any confusion they resumed their former places on the stage.

The Tyrolean girls, about forty in number, then came on the floor and danced the national waltz, advancing and retreating, and clapping their hands and looking very picturesque in their red and black skirts and white bodices.

The juvenile orchestra then executed the Symphony in C, No. 4, first movement, with a degree of accuracy and expression which was marvelous for boys of fourteen years of age. Young Mozart was their leader.

The umbrella-dance by the Chinese delegation followed, and elicited peals of laughter from every one. The boys were arrayed in flowered garments, with accurate pig-tails and mustaches, and executed a sort of a hop-skip-an-a-jump step about the floor, accompanied with a grave and truly mandarin-like nod of the head. Then they raised parti-colored umbrellas and twirled them about and arranged themselves in various artistic groups.

They gave place in turn to the sailor-dance, in which a number of lovely blonde boys and girls, arrayed in blue and white satin sailor suits, danced the sailor's hornpipe with much grace.

Esméralda, a sweet-faced little miss of some five Summers, was then drawn out upon the floor in a golden chariot—driven by a laced and liveried little coachman—drawn by six milk-white goats, and followed by the minute maids-of-honor to her diminutive Highness. This was the prettiest dance of the evening, the costumes being marvels of artistic color-combinations. Esméralda was dressed in pale-blue robes, hose and slippers profusely spangled, while various bright colors composed the costumes of her maids—their hose were of wondrously delicate colors, with elaborate embroidery. The effect, as they trod the graceful measures of the Tarantula, was peculiarly kaleidoscopic, but the most striking feature of it all was the beauteous expression on the faces of the dancers, as with sparkling eyes and twinkling feet they executed the steps of the dance, keeping time on their tambourines.

A Cossack dance was executed by two pupils of Professor Marwig in national costume, and was witnessed by a troop of mounted Cossacks. The little executants were the equals of the Kiriyas in the ease and grace with which they performed the grotesque and exceedingly difficult steps of the dance, and they were encoraged with enthusiasm.

The Flower Queen was accompanied on the floor by a suite of nearly one hundred girls, the oldest in the carnival ranging from twelve to sixteen years of age. They were dressed in pure white, and executed a ballet containing many beautiful figures and combinations. All carried hoops of green, with which they posed. A maypole was produced, and a grand tableau formed beneath it.

At about half-past ten the children retired, when the older people took possession of the floor, and had a season of dancing on their own account.

The Carnival was given in the first place to please the children, and in the second to raise money for the benefit of the sick poor of the city.

THE MONEY-ORDER DIVISION OF THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE.

THE civil service of the country seems now to be the absorbing topic among the machine politicians, from the fact that President Hayes has inaugurated a series of striking reforms, which he intends shall be carried out. That until lately there has been any real progress towards civil service reform there is very little testimony, if we except the administration of the New York Post Office. In every department of this mammoth edifice can be found abundant evidence of the great improvement that Postmaster James has effected in the postal service of this city. His untiring energy and

great executive ability found a wider field for operation in the reorganization of the Post Office after its removal from the Old Middle Dutch Church edifice on Nassau Street. There is certainly no better organized branch of the public service at the present time than the New York Post Office, and, as it is the head distributing office of the country, every improvement made therein in the matter of dispatching and receiving the mails is felt along the entire line of the great postal routes. Considering the many difficulties under which the reforms were brought about, chief of which was the reduction of the Congressional appropriation, notwithstanding which still further improvements in its administration are being effected, too much praise cannot be awarded to the Postmaster by the business men of our city, who believe that civil service should be something that politicians cannot scoff at. Among the various departments of the Post Office there is one which, from the nature of its business, is separate and distinct from the others. This is the Money-order Division, which, on account of its perfect management, is more the embodiment of what civil service should be than any other. While its operation comprises many details, it is so thoroughly systematized that it can carry on a business of \$40,000,000 annually without the loss of a dollar.

It is over twelve years ago, in a dingy room in the old Post Office, that two clerks began the money-order business. At the close of the first year, 1865, the books showed that more than a million and a half of dollars had passed through this little bureau. One of those clerks, Mr. William Plimley, who had just returned from the Army of the Potomac, is now General Superintendent in Charge, and it is through his able administration of the business that the Money-order Division owes its present efficiency. Joseph Elliott, Jr., son of the veteran sporting editor of the New York *Herald*, who has been in the Post Office over a score of years, is the Deputy Superintendent, who, with forty-eight clerks, constitute its personnel.

Considerable activity is displayed daily by the clerks in the domestic branch of the business, where on an average 2,000 orders are paid daily between the hours of 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. As many as 4,200 money-orders have been examined in one day during those hours of the busy season, which is about the holidays. There are five examining clerks for transient customers, whose duty it is to examine each order, carefully comparing it with its corresponding advice, which generally reaches the Post Office before the order is presented for payment. In front of each of said clerks is a nest of pigeon-holes, in which the letters of advice are placed. They are arranged alphabetically and numerically according to the name of the issuing office, so that when a person steps up to the "A to G" window with an order from Albany or Atlanta, the clerk has only to run over the "A's" until the desired advice is found; then before payment is effected the necessary questions are asked, and precautions taken to make it certain that the individual presenting the order is the proper person to receive the money. It requires constant watchfulness on the part of the money-order clerks to prevent fraud, especially in cases where messengers collect for firms; being intrusted with the correspondence and mail matter of their employers, they find it quite easy to abstract letters containing money-orders, and, being familiar with their firm's signature, learn to counterfeit it nicely, and then sign and present the stolen orders for payment with those that they have been sent with to the Post Office. Besides the five clerks who attend to the transient public, there are several who examine orders which are sent for payment by the large publication offices and the large dry-goods establishments in this city. For those, separate boxes are provided by the Post Office gratuitously, and as some concerns let their orders accumulate until they number several hundred, it is a matter of convenience to the Post Office officials that they are thus kept from the transients, or there would be many vexatious delays in payments. The box-holders generally leave their orders at the Post Office in the morning, receive a receipt in return for the same, and collect the amount thereof in the afternoon. It is not an unusual occurrence for some of the large publishers to present 200 or 300 orders at one time for payment. Indeed, there is one concern which receives on an average daily \$800 by money-orders, principally in small sums. Although so many examiners are required, yet there are only two paying-tellers. The orders never reach their hands; they simply pay from a check which the examiner makes out for the value of an order or orders presented by an individual. This system of checks was introduced several years ago in the old Post Office, because it frequently happened when the teller paid from the order direct, and they were his vouchers, that some careless boy in stamping them paid, or in arranging them for entry, would occasionally drop one or more into the waste-basket, or perchance sit close to a window where the draft, should the window be raised, would invariably carry one or more out. This was rather a losing business to the paying-teller, as for every order paid he was held accountable, and if an order was lost he was the amount it represented out of pocket. One of the attractions of the Money-order Division is the little steam-engine which runs a belt the length of the room. This belt carries the checks from each window to the paying-tellers, and does it more quietly and expeditiously than the check-boy whose place they now take; in fact, it is more economical. A couple of years ago it was found advisable to introduce another improvement, to give each person who presented an order for payment an identification-check to be presented to the paying-teller; it facilitates payment, especially when foreigners are the recipients, for no questions have to be asked by the teller. This system was brought about by a rogue trying to personate a certain gentleman who had inadvertently exhibited his order so that the former read the signature and the amount, and stepped up to the paying-teller before the latter got away from the examining-window; fortunately the clerk discovered a discrepancy between the initials of the would-be payee and that given on the check, and deferred payment. So perfect is the system now, however, that money is seldom paid to the wrong person; to be sure there are those who have the temerity to essay forgery, but in nearly every instance it has been detected by one of the examiners, and the perpetrator has been taken to Special Agent Sharrett for prosecution.

This immense traffic in domestic orders is but a portion of the business of the division. In 1871, through a treaty with Great Britain, the International business was begun, which was followed by Germany, Canada and Switzerland, so that money can now be transmitted through the exchange office of the last-named country to almost any remote place—even to Turkey and the East Indies. With this additional increment to the domestic business, the superintendent, in his last annual report, showed that the total transactions approximated \$40,000,000. The details necessary to carry on the foreign money-order business require clerks who not only have a thorough knowledge of the

postal service of the various countries of Europe, but also of the United States.

There are nearly two thousand post-offices in this country at which foreign money-orders can be obtained and paid. The conversions from currency into gold, and then into the money of the various nationalities, are made daily at the exchange offices, based upon the premium on gold on the day of receipt of order. During last year nearly 200,000 foreign orders passed through this office for certification, the average amount of each being \$20. It has frequently occurred that lists comprising over 500 orders have arrived at the close of the day's business, notwithstanding which, they were all prepared and dispatched to every part of the United States by the evening's mail. To facilitate the business of the foreign bureaus, elaborate maps are suspended from a broad canopy, to which immediate reference can always be made. In fact, every facility exists that is necessary for the prompt dispatch, both inland and to Europe, for foreign orders.

Taken altogether, the Money-order Division is a model department of the public service, that gives great satisfaction to everybody who has any business with it.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Citizens of Constantinople Shooting at the Moon.

Probably no more surprising illustration could be given of the degraded superstition in which the Turkish people of to-day are steeped than is afforded in the following extract from a letter to a London newspaper, which forms the subject of one of our foreign cuts: "On Tuesday night we were favored with the spectacle of a lunar eclipse. The sky was sufficiently clear, and the moon was very bright, when the shadow of the earth began to fall on the outer rim. We were watching the progress of the rapidly decreasing crescent from a terrace overlooking Stamboul, when suddenly, all along the water's edge, sparks of fire flashed out in every direction. Rifles, muskets, pistols and guns made as much din as though a night attack was being made or repelled. What could it all mean? A moment later showed. Breathless with excitement and haste, there dashed towards our little group a Turkish servant, his arms outspread, and the expression of his face indicative of terror. Could we lend him a rifle? 'For what?' was the response. 'To shoot the devil, who would otherwise take away the moon. See!' added he, as he pointed to the disappearing orb. 'Sheitan has nearly seized it. Unless we can drive him off, we shall lose the light, and then, alas for us all, what evil will befall us?' It was useless to reason with him. He was fully convinced of the necessity of assisting in the hubbub which was going on; nor was he happy till he had my rifle carbine in his hand, and was recklessly firing regulation bullets over the tops of the houses in Pera. It was not everybody who could understand what all the hubbub was about. 'It's an insurrection,' exclaimed one, a stranger to Turkish ways. 'No; they are firing in honor of peace with Servia,' said another, equally at fault. 'It's a *fête*, no doubt,' suggested a third; while a fourth thought, perhaps, they were killing dogs. But they were all wrong; the lower-class Turks were fighting against no fleshly foes, they were celebrating no festival, they were saluting no peace; the bullets which were whizzing through the air were aimed at Lucifer, who was just then endeavoring to steal the moon. I cannot say that the practice was a pleasing one to me."

A Sitting of the Servian Skupchina.

We give this week an engraving of the scene in the Servian Parliament during the discussion of the terms of peace with the Porte. This important political event took place on the 23rd of February last at the town of Belgrade. The Servian Skupchina, or House of Representatives, is mainly composed of deputies elected by the people, thirty only of the number being nominated by the Prince himself. Altogether some hundred and twenty members met to discuss the great question as to whether peace should be concluded with the Porte. Despite the illiterate condition of many of the deputies, they are by no means deficient either in common sense or in a kind of eloquence. The Skupchina is in no wise a fixture of the Servian capital, but is sometimes held at the town of Krajewatz. The only luxury displayed in this primitive assembly is the red velvet throne which is occupied by Prince Milan.

The Chinese Gunboat "Delta."

The Chinese Government has recently had built in England four gunboats, designated respectively after the first four letters of the Greek alphabet. Two of these carry each a 26½-ton Armstrong gun, and are now in China, having made their long voyage, with armaments complete on board, ready for action, and with perfect comfort and safety; the two others, one of which our engraving represents, carry each a 12-in. 33-ton Armstrong gun, firing projectiles of 800 lbs., with charges of 130 lbs. of powder. These two guns are the most powerful guns yet afloat, and can penetrate 19½ ins. of armor. Besides the great guns, the gunboats carry two Armstrong 12-pounders and a Gatling gun; yet they are 115 ft. long and 30 ft. broad, and their draught is but 8 ft., and the treeboard 3 ft. Their engines have 270 horse-power, and drive them, by means of twin screws, over twelve knots per hour. They are schooner-rigged and tripod-masted, and carry coals sufficient to steam at their full speed for seven days of twenty-four hours.

Presenting Medals to Sergeants of the Forty-ninth Middlesex Rifles.

One of our foreign illustrations shows the scene at Wellington Barracks, London, March 15th, when his Royal Highness the Duke of Teck, Colonel of the Forty-ninth Middlesex Rifles Volunteers, presented medals to two of the sergeant-instructors of that corps, for long service and good conduct. Sergeant-instructor Flanagan, one of the recipients, entered, in 1852, the Thirty-fourth Regiment, and was transferred to the Forty-seventh Regiment in 1855. His companion, Sergeant-instructor Morgan, joined the Third Battalion Rifle Brigade in 1855.

A Russian Tea-house, Kischinéff.

Tea-houses in Russia are generally kept by Jews, who do a roaring trade at Kischinéff just now in the beverage that cheers but not inebriates. The saloon in our cut is a long, low room, with pillars supporting the roof, with Roman arches down the middle of the room. The place is crowded with soldiers of all ranks, seated round small tables, chatting and drinking their weak tea, lemon and sugar, entertained by the strains of an organ at one end of the room; while waiters, not dressed in black cloth with white chokers, but in scarlet blouses and top-boots, rush hither and thither, making the atmosphere like that of a Turkish bath with their pots of boiling tea.

Blessing the Neva, in St. Petersburg.

There are various benedictory services in the Russian Church, but the greatest is the "Blessing of the Waters," which takes place three times a year, at three different seasons—Winter, Spring and high Summer. In St. Petersburg the blessing of the Neva, to which river Russia, and particularly the capital, owes so much of its trade and commercial prosperity, is always performed with great pomp and solemnity; the Metropoli-

tan goes in grand procession to the river, regiments of guards and troops are paraded, and the Czar and the Royal family are frequently present at the service, which takes place in a pavilion before the Winter Palace. The actual ceremony takes about twenty minutes, being performed by the bishop, who, after a hymn has been sung, descends a staircase to the river, and amid a thunder of salutes, bathes a cross, in a hole which has been dug in the ice for the purpose. By this act the water is purified, and a bowl, being filled with liquid from the same aperture, is handed to the Czar, if he be present, and His Majesty, after touching it with his lips, flings it with gold pieces. The banners of the troops and the officers are then sprinkled with the holy water. The ceremony concluded, the enormous crowd which line the bank are let free, and, armed with all kinds of utensils, fiercely bathe to get near the hole and obtain a cup of the precious water, with which they cross and plentifully sprinkle themselves.

Installation of the Duke of Manchester as a Knight of St. Patrick.

One of the most brilliant occurrences of the season in Dublin was the conferring, on March 3d, of the blue ribbon, so long worn by the late Marquis Conyngham, on the Duke of Manchester. Our illustration is taken at the moment of investiture. His Grace the Grand Master (the Lord Lieutenant), assisted by the Duke of Connaught and the Earl of Granard, who are standing close by, is placing the ribbon and badge over the shoulder of the new Knight. The Duchess of Marlborough is seated in the chair of state on the right of that of the Grand Master, and by her side are placed Lady Rosamond Churchill and Lady Randolph Churchill. The wives of the Knights of St. Patrick and the other Peeresses present have reserved seats on each side.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SLEEPING-COACHES are being attached to the light trains between Paris and the Mediterranean coast.

A CHAIN for the study of monomania in all its various phases has been founded at the Paris Faculty of Medicine.

RITUALISM is on the increase in London. Eucharistic vestments are now worn in forty churches in that city.

THE blue notes of the Bank of France and the red notes of some of the Scotch banks have been forged by means of photography.

CALICO, the well-known cotton cloth, is named from Calicot, a city of India, from whence it first came. Calico was not known in England until as late as the year 1631.

A RECENT marked increase in the number of applications for patents is noted at the Patent Office and considered indicative of a general revival of business throughout the country.

THE increasing number of suicides in the Prussian army is creating much uneasiness in military circles. In the month of December the number amounted to twenty-one.

SOME of the English papers are urging that the income of the Prince of Wales should be increased by an addition of £30,000 or \$150,000 a year. His debts amount to \$75,000.

THE Virginia State Conservative Committee have fixed upon the 8th of August as the time, and Richmond as the place, for holding the next State Convention to nominate candidates for Governor and other State officers.

TRADITION says that years ago, when the headwaters of the Chesapeake swarmed with wild fowl, the hands employed at an iron forge at Havre de Grace once upon a time refused to work because they were fed upon canvas back ducks instead of bacon.

AT the last opera ball in Paris, when the public had departed, the watchman, on going his round, found the body of a well-dressed lady in one of the private boxes; she had been stabbed, but whether her death was due to suicide or murder is not stated.

THE General Passenger Agent of the New Jersey Central Railroad, has made arrangements that all the trains to and from Long Branch will stop at Cedar Avenue, very near the locality of the wrecks, so that persons desiring to go down and see them can do so very readily.

A FRENCHWOMAN of any position will never show herself in the street without having paid the most scrupulous attention to her toilet. If you surprise the same lady at home of a morning, you will find her in a slovenly *négligée*, which inspires anything rather than admiration.

A FARMER of Western France lives on the simplest and coarsest fare; never dreams of going to the village shops for anything for which he can find a home-made substitute, and denies himself every indulgence which would leave him a few sous out of pocket. His only beverage besides water is home-made wine or cider.

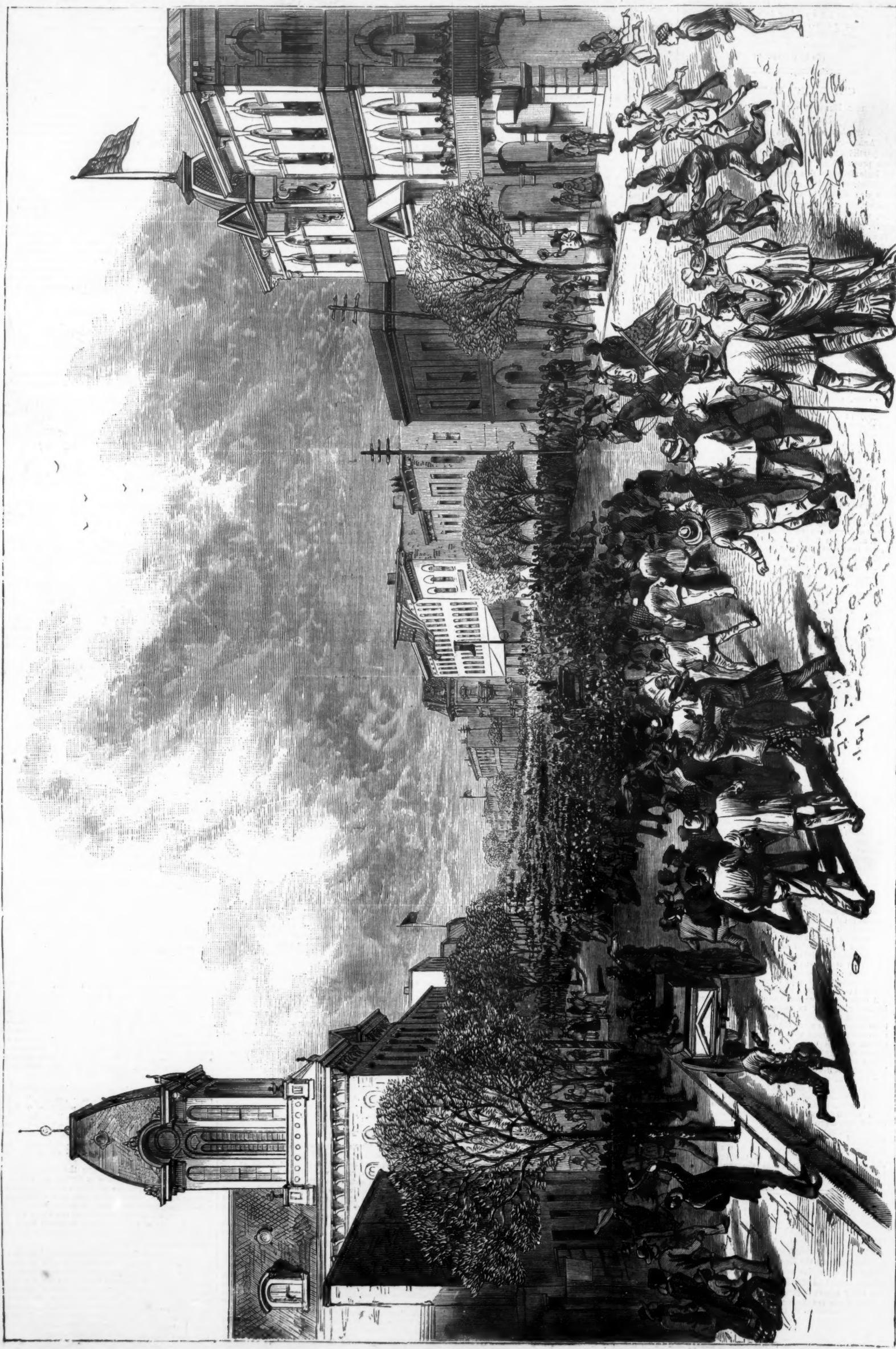
THE soldiers of England may be employed in the harvest field under certain restrictions. Such work is to be at the discretion of the general officers in command, provided the employment of ordinary laborers is not interfered with, nor can such permission be granted where strikes and disputes between farmers and hired men exist.

THESE is great activity in Poughkeepsie among those who are engaged in bridging the Hudson at that point. Contracts have been given in Pennsylvania for 5,000,000 of feet of lumber. The stone for the piers is being cut in Providence, R. I. Carloads of machinery for hoisting and conveying heavy materials are now arriving, and altogether the work is progressing as fast as can be expected.

ONLY six very large diamonds are known in the world, and they are called "paragons." Their names are "Koh-i-noor" (in the possession of Queen Victoria), "The Star of the South," "Regent" or "Pitt" diamond, the "Great Austrian," the "Orloff" or "Great Russian," and the "Borneo." The latter is in the possession of the Rajah of Malacca, in Borneo. It is the largest in the world, weighing 361 carats.

AN EXPEDITION to explore the buried cities of Central Asia is being talked of in Bombay and elsewhere in India. Great treasures are known to exist under the shifting sands of some of the deserts, and, if tradition is to be trusted, the tomb of Genghis Khan, with its fabulous wealth, still exists. Reports are constantly brought in by Mongols of gold and silver treasures which the shifting sands disclose, but which they have a superstitious dread of touching.

AT a recent funeral in Perpignan, France, the friends of the deceased, not content with dispensing with anything in the shape of religious consolation, carried their want of common decency so far as to follow him to the grave with pipes in their mouths and bottles under their arms. As soon as the body was lowered into the grave, the mourners began singing and drinking, and, having exhausted their liquor, threw the empty bottle on to the coffin, exclaiming, "Tiens, voilà ta part!" This done, they returned to the wine-shop.



SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE NEW SOUTHERN POLICY OF THE ADMINISTRATION—DEMOCRATIC OF THE CITIZENS OF COLUMBIA UPON THE RETURN OF GOVERNOR HAMPTON, APRIL 6TH.—SEE PAGE 123.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE TRAGEDY IN THE OFFICE OF MESSRS. JOHN JEWETT & SONS, ON BURLING SLIP, APRIL 5TH—DISCOVERY BY FIREMEN OF THE BODIES OF GEORGE W. JEWETT AND HIS PARTNERS, LYING ON THE FLOOR OF THE PRIVATE OFFICE.—SEE PAGE 123.



NEW YORK CITY.—RIDING "A LA FLÈCHE" BY MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK RIDING CLUB, AT THEIR FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IN DICKEL'S ACADEMY, MARCH 31ST.—SEE PAGE 123.

IN THE CHATEAU GARDEN.

THE deep hot night fills all the garden—"Hark! What sound was that?"—"The wind, love-got not yet." His spurred heel echoing down the terrace dark, Wakes from their sleep the rose and mignonette. Bleak looms the chateau tower, the odorous leaves Shiver and shake against the sinking moon, Deep in the almond shade the fountain grieves— "Life of my life, oh, must we part thus soon?"

"One kiss for the soft splendor of thine eyes, One for the tresses of thy wan gold hair, One for the wistful red lips, warm with sighs, One for the cheek that pictured saint's more fair—One for these clinging arms, that, lily-white, Against the crimson of my doubtless shine—Ah, I might babble till morn was bright, And still unname leave some sweet charm of thine!"

"That sound again—there—in the almond shade?"—"Nay, 'twas my rapier's clank. Dream not of spies.

In this deep darkness, of God's mercy made To shelter lovers from all jealous eyes. What! Trembling, oh, faint heart, in my embrace? Beset with fears, when I am at thy side?

Lift up the cold white blossom of thy face— The graybeard count shall never call thee bride!

"Shall Winter snow with bloom of May-time wed? To-morrow, at this hour, the feast will be Spread for thy sacrifice—the wine run red, And the Chateau ring loud with wedding glee. But, far from Provence, in hot, happy flight, Wo two will laugh at all thy vanished fears—At the gray count, and the gay marriage night, Which had no bride!—ah, answer not in tears!"

"To-morrow! Love, my heart grows faint and cold With a strange dread—black cloud hides the moon.

For thee and me what will to-morrow hold?— I shiver at that fountain's solemn tune— 'Tis like a dirge. Stay!"—"Then the morning light Would find me here, and lay our secret bare Unto the jealous count. Good-night, good-night! For Love's sweet sake, be strong to do and dare!

"One last long kiss—another! fear no ill— In life or death am I not all thine own?" O God! her white arms cling and clasp him still, As the gray moss clasps fast the postern stone! And parking seems like death. Hark! in the tower The great clock strikes, sad as a passing bell.

"To-morrow—fail me not, love!—at this hour— Light of my eyes, pulse of my heart, farewell!"

A postern's clang—a cry—a rapier's thrust Through cloak and crimson doublet, swift with doom—

A heart's hot lifeblood pouring through the dust— Love's hapless blossom withered in its bloom! The moan of winds and fountains, and the weight Of darkness, as the scared moon slipped away From tower and wall. Which is the sweeter fate— To live or die for love? Ah, who can say?

ETTA W. PIERCE.

BEAUTIFUL AS AN ARCHANGEL.

BY
BURKE O'FARRELL.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WHAT THE COUNTY PEOPLE THOUGHT OF MISS SKINNER.

ABOUT three o'clock in the afternoon, the red Winter sun, verging towards the western woods, pierced through the gray, frosty haze, and shone cheerily across the gleaming ice, turning the tracks of the skaters into threads of gold, and imparting fresh life and gaiety to the stirring scene.

There were a great many carriages by this time driving up and down, in spite of the cold, and a great many fair, aristocratic faces and graceful forms, in the rich costume of the skating-club, mingled pleasantly with stalwart forms in knickerbockers and gray-ribbed stockings; while the dreary woodlands echoed back the sound of whirling skates and silvery laughter, and the chill air was fragrant with the finest aroma of choice cigars.

But the sun had little or no power to warm the atmosphere, and the wind was as bitterly, piercingly cold as ever. Michael Fiennes was half frozen to death in spite of his rich furs, for Henrietta had never had a pair of skates on before, and was very timid (or pretended to be), crawling slowly about the ice, leaning on his arm, and not suffering him to leave her for a moment, thereby exhibiting that sublime selfishness common to ladies who cannot skate, and who have pressed some unfortunate male into the service to teach them.

But it was not that which vexed Mr. Fiennes, and made his manner towards Miss Skinner so cold and constrained; for he was at all times so kind and courteous and unselfish, so chivalrously attentive and delicate with women, no matter of what station, and so ready to sacrifice his own comfort or wishes to those of others, that he would willingly have given up his own day's enjoyment to please her, and have thought nothing more about it. But he was a man who was extremely particular about *les convenances*, he had been born and bred abroad, in France and Poland, and had spent his days in the salons of old legitimist princes and haughty Polish nobles, famous for their strict and courtly observance of all the rules and by-laws of etiquette as practiced in days gone by, and his own manners, nay, his whole life, was tinged with the grand, grave, ceremonious air of that society to which he had been accustomed. He was not a slave to etiquette, and he cared very little for the world or its opinion; but he had rigid notions of his own on the subject of decorum, born partly of his native purity and grandeur of soul, partly from high-bred and old-fashioned ideas of honor, and nothing on earth would have annoyed him more than to have had his name coupled compromisingly with that of a woman. On this one point he was as pure and sensitive as a Catholic priest.

It was with just feelings of displeasure, therefore, that he regarded Mrs. O'Reilly's conduct, as the half-hour flew past and still she did not return; and, charitable and free from all personal vanity as he was, he could not but believe that it had been a planned thing between her and her sister.

He endeavored to persuade her to sit down for a few minutes while he went to look for Mrs. O'Reilly; but Henrietta would not bear of being left alone, and persisted in parading him up and

down before everybody, especially the principal county families, and under the cold glances of certain starched old dowagers reposing in the carriages, on whose stern visages Mr. Fiennes could read legible pages of dignified condemnation for himself and contemptuous disgust for Miss Skinner, whose interesting awkwardness and little screams, as she tumbled and slid about, drove him half wild, and caused a good deal of unwelcome comment and conversation among the lookers-on.

For Miss Skinner was at present the cherished object on whom all the marriageable young ladies of the county, to say nothing of their mothers, lavished the unlimited store of envy, hatred and malice contained within their virginal or matronly bosoms, in consequence of the unfortunate rumor which coupled her name with that of Mr. Fiennes; and there was no end to the charitable surmises concerning her origin, or the divers speculations on her subsequent conduct set afloat by these amiable ladies, on the subject of whose heart-burnings, jealousies and dissensions our hero was profoundly and innocently ignorant.

Mrs. O'Reilly had been received into county society, or had pushed her way into it, although she still stuck in some people's throats; but Miss Skinner would not go down at all, and the county resolutely turned its virtuous back upon her, visiting an ample share of its just indignation upon Mr. Fiennes, whom (in the same spirit in which the fox underrated the grapes) they declared to be an unworthy descendant of the ancient line whose name he bore.

So it happened that, falling foul of Lady Emily Smythe in the course of the afternoon, Mr. Fiennes could not but observe that her ladyship's usually gracious bow was replaced by a very cold one, and that Lady Cecilia Vaughan, passing some time after, with His Grace of Kingstown, had suddenly become shortsighted, though he heard her utter a sneer in French, in which his name was perfectly audible; the duke had given him a cordial "Good-day, Fiennes."

Mr. Fiennes's generous temper was roused by the disdain of these worthy souls, and, annoyed as he was at Mrs. O'Reilly's indiscretion, he forthwith behaved with more kindness and attention to the dashing Henrietta, who rewarded him by outraging good taste as much as possible, and revenging herself on the county people by insolently triumphant looks and sarcastic criticisms, uttered in perfectly audible tones, till Michael Fiennes felt as exquisitely wretched and uncomfortable as he had ever done in his life.

The duke and Lord Addingfield, however, partly comprehending his case, came to the rescue at last. Michael Fiennes saw them conferring, and then Henry Addingfield came up with his pretty daughter, the fair-haired tomboy mentioned by Mrs. O'Reilly, a self-possessed damsel of thirteen, with remarkably neat legs and short petticoats, who looked at Miss Skinner from top to toe with chidish *hauteur*.

"I am afraid you cannot enjoy yourself much here," said the little ambassadress, with a grand air of patronizing superiority; "it must be very cold work standing still so much, and never getting on. But I think you are too heavy to skate—too heavy and too old," continued the young honorable, scanning Miss Skinner with a refreshing absence of all ceremony. "I have seen you fall down many times—my brothers laughed at you; they said you seemed always sitting on the ice! Why don't you have a chair? Beginners ought always to have a chair, I think; poor Mr. Fiennes must be dreadfully cold. Are you not cold, dear Mr. Fiennes?" and the child put her hand caressingly within his arm—"you look quite blue; but never mind, I am going to take her away from you for a little bit. Will you take my hand, Miss Skinner, and I will introduce you to Harry and Aleck. Harry shall hold your hand on the other side, and we will soon make you warm. Come."

The "tom-boy" held out her hand imperiously, and Henrietta took it, for she wished to be seen by her foes in the society of Lord Addingfield's daughter, but she did so with savagely glaring eyes, not much relishing the honorable damsel's manner.

"Has that young lady no—ah!—no chaperon with her?" asked Lord Addingfield.

"None at present," answered Mr. Fiennes, smiling. "Her sister, Mrs. O'Reilly, is supposed to be with her, but at this moment she is invisible."

"So I perceive," said the viscount, dryly. "Mrs. O'Reilly is a lady who is perfectly wide-awake in her own interests, and I advise you to be the same, Fiennes; for, I give you my word, if you are not, they will nail you before you know where you are."

"What do you mean?" asked Michael.

"Why, I mean that Mrs. O'Reilly, not being qualified to run for the stakes herself, has entered her amiable sister, and looks like winning. Of course, you know what *tout le monde* is kindly saying."

"Not I," returned Mr. Fiennes, with a melancholy smile. "You forget, my dear friend, that I live the life of a recluse in the world, but not of it. How should I know what people say about me or any one else?"

"Well, at present the world is good enough to say that you are about to present them with Mrs. Fiennes, and that the young lady who is going to change her own remarkably ugly patronymic for *très beau nom* is no other than our dashing friend 'yonder'—a most charming person, no doubt, in her place, which is—well, *not* at Fiennes Court."

"And do you believe what the world says?" asked Michael Fiennes quietly, while a dark flush rose to his handsome face.

"Well, not at present; but you are playing an unequal game, *mon fils*, against sharpers with picked cards. Take warning in time, my friend, lest you fall into the hands of the Amalekites. It is your honor which they seek to entangle, and, upon my soul, I think they are going the right way to work; as for your heart, I pay you the compliment to believe that that is safe enough."

"My friend, I have none," answered Mr. Fiennes, sadly. "It is buried in the grave of my children; and were it not so, I should never marry again."

"Nonsense, man; much solitude is making you mad," retorted Lord Addingfield, testily. "I hope to see you before three years are over with a lovely, high-bred wife, such as you deserve, and a couple of babies crowding in your arms again."

"Never!" answered Michael Fiennes, mournfully. "When I die, Addingfield (and I often think the sooner the better, for I am very lonely), I will go down to my grave and leave no innocent children behid me, to inherit my shame, and curse their father when the world taunts them with it."

"Now, Fiennes, in two minutes you will make me angry," retorted the viscount. "Ungrateful man; and I have been already match-making for thee in my heart; do not think I spoke without due consideration when I mentioned the lovely, high-bred wife with whom I saw thee in thought."

"May I be indiscreet enough to ask the lady's name?" said Mr. Fiennes, smiling.

"Well, I have a great mind not to mention it, as you persistently throw cold water on all my schemes for your welfare; but I had turned the peerage over in my mind, and thought of Lady Diana Charteris."

Mr. Fiennes burst into a laugh that had a strange ring of bitterness, but very little mirth, in it. "Why not some crown-princess at once, some young archduchess?—or has not the Empress of Austria got a sister to dispose of in marriage?"

"I don't know, really," answered Lord Addingfield.

"How flattered her ladyship would feel if she only knew the honor destined for her in imagination! I suppose you know that she has twice refused the Duke of Kingstown!"

"Of course I know it, and I also know that she was once engaged to your precious cousin, Rakewell Fiennes; but as neither of those gentlemen are you, I don't see how they affect the question," returned the viscount, dryly. "However, since you do not appear to like the subject of Diana Charteris, let us quit it for an humbler one; descend, as the immortal Thackeray says, from Queen Guinevere to Queen Guinevere's lady's-maid's lady's-maid, and speak once more of the fascinating Miss Skinner."

"From Paradise to Hades!" murmured Michael Fiennes, passing his hand across his eyes. "And what ailen Miss Skinner?"

"Only this: take the disinterested advice of a friend who loves you like a son, and cut that most undesirable connection; let Miss Skinner, and the O'Reillys to boot, go to—the deuce. They will find plenty of their friends there to keep them company."

"Harry Addingfield, I cannot do that," returned Michael Fiennes, with generous resolution. "I am indebted to the O'Reillys for much warm-hearted hospitality and kindness. I have eaten their salt—"

"Fiennes, you are a genuine relic of the Dark Ages—a remnant of chivalry in miraculous preservation. Why don't you sell yourself to some of those black-and-tan Israelites in Wardour Street, and get stuck up in their shop-windows with cross-handled swords, medieval carvings, stained glass and relics found in old stone coffins?" retorted Henry Addingfield, mockingly. "Of course I understand how deeply you are indebted to our gallant ex-hussar!—Will you walk into my parlor? said the spider to the fly; 'Come, duck, and be killed; the green peas are ready, yea, the sage and onions are prepared. Now let us run over the long list of delicate attentions for which you are creditor to this illustrious family. Firstly, Captain O'Reilly was generous enough to bestow upon you, gratis and for nothing, the honor of his acquaintance; secondly, he has, on several occasions, compelled you, much against your will, to dine with him, in order that Mrs. O'Reilly and her charming sister might have the opportunity of angling for you; thirdly, he has, most disinterestedly, sold you, at an exorbitant price, two incorrigibly vicious horses which he could not ride himself, and which he honestly believed no one else could; and fourthly, he has been good enough at all times, in season and out of season, to haunt your house for the purpose of showing you practically how highly he appreciates your connoisseurship in the selection of rare wines, and of smoking a neat little fortune in cigars at your expense."

"Good heavens! Addingfield, you make me blush!" cried Mr. Fiennes, hotly. "Can you imagine me mean enough to calculate—"

"Nay, it is I who have been calculating the worth of Captain O'Reilly's chivalrous entertainment," laughed the viscount. "What a brute I must be, Fiennes!—what a low-souled hound, destitute of all feelings of honor, to persuade you to violate such sacred hospitality!—now don't you think so?"

"My dear Addingfield, I think you misjudge the O'Reillys grievously," answered Michael Fiennes, coldly.

"*Nous verrons!*" replied his friend; "but we, the charmer never charmed so wisely as now, when he advises you to break with these people. You are too generous, too honorable, too charitable, Michael; take care, or the children of this world will be one too many for you, and, thinking no evil, you presently find yourself fallen among thieves. Ah! here is our Irish friend, Speak of the devil, etc. *Au revoir!* I must go and look after my olive-branches."

And, shaking his friend's hand heartily, Lord Addingfield walked off, for he knew more than most men concerning the history of Captain O'Reilly, late of Ballacraig, and had no desire to cultivate his acquaintance.

Barney now appeared, elbowing his way through the crowd.

"Where is my wife?" asked he; and Mr. Fiennes, who was perfectly ignorant of Captain and Mrs. O'Reilly's conjugal quarrels in general, and of Barney's jealousy in particular, answered unwisely:

"I do not know. She is somewhere about with Mr. Poynter, I believe. I have not seen her for the last hour."

"Humph!" said the Irishman, shortly, with an ominous look in his eyes. "Will you be kind enough to see after Henrietta for a few minutes, while I go and look for her?"

Then, turning on his heel, Captain O'Reilly strode off, vowing vengeance in his heart; while Mr. Fiennes went to relieve guard, much to the apparent satisfaction of Willie Addingfield and her brothers, who surrendered their charge immediately.

Henrietta was in a remarkably bad temper.

"Well, if that little wretch is a specimen of the

children of your aristocracy, preserve me from having anything to do with them!" cried she, hotly; and in fact the tomboy had not treated her well.

Mr. Fiennes had become more silent than ever, which did not add to Miss Skinner's amiability either. He was pondering over Henry Addingfield's words. How strangely, yet how dearly familiar, that name had fallen on his ears—strangely on the lips of another, yet sweetly familiar, because he had so often murmured it in his heart during those long, lonely evenings when he had sat hour after hour in the gloomy library at the Court, tired of reading, while the book rested untouched on his knee, and his sad, dark eyes sought the glowing embers, full of mournful thought.

It was not that he loved Diana Charteris—loved the girl whom he had seen two months ago for the space of two hours by accident in a theatre; but that she was the fair embodiment of a fair ideal, the outward and visible form of flesh with which he had clothed a spirit, soul and heart of his own creating; and he fell down and worshiped her in his ideal, and his ideal in her. All his senses were full of her, and if Lady Diana had married, or died, his soul would have put on mourning for hopes dead before they were born, and the "might have been" that was never to be on earth. It would have gone on living still from year to year in that quiet widowhood of the soul, with that blank something wanting, with that indescribable, unfathomable emptiness still there, and dying, his life would have remained unfulfilled; as if, in the midst of a biography of a noble life, full of goodness and greatness, of high aspirations and untiring usefulness, some pages should be torn away and lost irrevocably, leaving the whole for ever "in its completeness, incomplete."

Yes, it was not that he loved Diana Charteris, but that he knew he might have loved her, that she might have loved him, that they might have been, oh, God! how happy together, if—And Lord Addingfield's few half-jesting words had brought her before his mind again as vividly as if it was but yesterday that he had seen her in all the glory of her pure, proud, haughty loveliness, surrounded by all the insignia of her rank and breeding; that he had heard her voice ringing in his ears, and that he had met the upward glance of her beautiful eyes fixed on him for a moment with a look of candid interest. Good heavens! at this present time the thoughts of that look thrilled through his whole soul, and made his veins tingle with ecstasy.

No wonder that he was sad and *distrait*—no wonder that Miss Skinner found him but a luke-warm cavalier, as he submitted to her caprices with patient, though, it must be confessed, mechanical courtesy, suffering himself to be dragged whither she listed, while her ill-temper increased every moment.

"I am afraid you are getting tired of my company, Mr. Fiennes," said Henrietta, with a toss of the head, at last.

"Is that meant for a rebuke?" answered Mr. Fiennes, smiling good-temperedly; "if it is, I acknowledge its justice. I know I am but a dull companion to-day."

"Oh, dear, no!" retorted Henrietta, most unwisely; "I only thought you might want to go to your *grand friends*; here are some more of them, I see, driving up—Mrs. Bentinck Craven, and her party of guests from the hall—the Duchesse d'O., Lady Aylesford, and Lady Diana Charteris."

"Who!" said Michael Fiennes, while Henrietta felt him shiver from head to foot, as if from an electric shock, and, looking up into his face, she saw that he had turned as pale as death.

CHAPTER XIX.—LADY DIANA AND HER COURTIERS.

THE last rays of the setting sun were flooding the ice with a crimson glory, as a splendid barouche, with the Craven arms on the panels, and drawn by a magnificent pair of dark grays, rolled majestically across the snow-clad waste, and drew up by the banks of the frozen lake, quickly followed by Monsieur le Duc d'O.'s lofty drag and team of chestnuts.

Monsieur le due had taken a shooting-lodge for the season about seven miles from Heronsmere, where he and his wife were on the most intimate terms of friendship; indeed, I regret to say that the beautiful Athenea now occupied that position in Mrs. Craven's bosom which whilom had belonged to our dashing friend, Mrs. O'Reilly.

The barouche were Lady Diana Charteris, Madame la Duchesse d'O., a charming Parisienne beauty, dark, *spirituelle* and vivacious, with *un air de grande dame, très distinguée*. Lady Aylesford, a regal woman, past her *première jeunesse*, but still beautiful, and Mrs. Bentinck Craven—four stars of greater or lesser magnitude, who made quite an imposing constellation of loveliness, as they leaned back amongst the costly bearskin rugs and bright scarlet wrappings, enveloped from head to foot in furs and velvets.

One of Mrs. Craven's exceedingly pert and precocious children was leaning out over the carriage-door, and the other was perched on the lap of Lord Redesbrooke (late Cecil Burlingford, of the Guards, who had just come in for the title by the death of his uncle), who occupied the box-seat, from which he leaned down from time to time to laugh and talk with the ladies.

"Oh! mamma, mamma!" said Bertie, pointing with her finger towards the ice, "there is that nasty old young lady, that you said was trying to catch Mr. Fiennes! Why is she trying to catch Mr. Fiennes?"

"Be quiet, and don't ask foolish questions, Bertie," said Mrs. Craven, severely.

"But if it was foolish, why did you say it?" persisted Bertie. "And is it true what you said about her, that she used to paint her face, and jump through a paper-hoop in a little petticoat—oh, such a little petticoat that you could scarcely see it—with the horse going on all the time, like those people we saw at the circus, when we went with mademoiselle and James?"

Mrs. Craven laughed, and the duchesse laughed, "Oh! *la drôle p'tite enfant*, how she is witty!" said she, clapping her hands. "But you must have

de grandes précautions, Geneviève, or she will make you appear very foolish some day. Mais, now show to me this little adventuress, this Miss Nobody, who is trying to seduce our so handsome hero into the bonds of matrimony. Ah! I see him now; he looks towards us. How well I remember myself of him last year, when he used to walk out with his little boys daily, in their so deep mourning! All the ladies of Paris were dying in love for him; but he knew it not; his whole heart was twined round his little motherless children; and he looked so sad, so sad, as if he had some great grief always within him, though, surely, it was not for his so nasty cold wife."

"Ah, yes! we saw Mr. Fiennes last Autumn," said Lady Aylesford; "he was pointed out to us at the theatre by Mr. Plunkett—was he not, Diana?"

"I regret so," answered Lady Diana, very coldly, as she lay back in the carriage, looking out over the snow, and apparently not deigning to take notice of the conversation.

"And may I ask what Diana thinks of our brave *gentilhomme*?" asked the duchess.

"I regret to say, duchess, that I really have not taken the trouble to think of him at all," replied Lady Diana, with a slightly curling lip, while a faint color rose to her lovely face. (Oh, Lady Diana! how could you be guilty of such a violation of the truth? Did not your heart turn cold with a secret, sick disappointment, like unto nothing you had ever felt before, when you were told the wicked fable of his engagement with "that adventuress"? and have you not been repeating over and over again to yourself as you tried to drag his image from your soul, "He is not worthy—he is not worthy. Oh, God! let me forget him"?)

"Ah ça!" retorted the duchess, with an air of pique, "I suppose he is below the distinguished regards of *l'impératrice* Diana. But you need not turn up the nose in such disdain, *ma belle*; he is quite worth to be thought of even by you, my proud one, for he is a noble gentleman, *un gallant homme, brave as a lion, gentle as a lamb; l'ami de tous les malheureux*. The prayers of the poor and the rich follow him wherever he goes, and ascend to the great heavens night and day for him. He has shed his blood gallantly for an oppressed people; and with the women, the children, all the helpless, and the weak, he, that strong man, is irresistible—so gentle, so courteous, so respectful, so kind. Ah, ah! wait, my dear, until you see him smile his sweet, sad smile—it would melt even your hard heart."

(To be continued.)

A FATAL AND MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION IN BURLING SLIP.

ON Thursday morning, April 5th, the city was thrown into an unusual state of excitement by the reports of a mysterious and fatal explosion in the private office of John Jewett & Sons, at Burling Slip and Front Street, and the details received during the day only served to thicken the veil of wonder that settled upon the affair. The first intelligence was to the effect that at half-past ten o'clock a sudden and loud noise was heard in the vicinity of the building. A moment later some firemen who had just returned with their engine from a fire to their house opposite, noticed smoke pouring out the windows, and hastening across the street entered the building. Rushing to the end of the floor where the smoke was the densest, they stumbled over the bodies of George W. Jewett, the senior partner, his nephew, Orville D. Jewett, and another partner, Joseph A. Dean. The former was dead, the second fatally wounded, and the third, although severely injured, able to walk into another apartment.

The explosion was followed by a second report before the clerks or the firemen could begin an investigation. On the floor near where Mr. George W. Jewett's feet were when he was first discovered and Orville's head, lay an empty four-barreled Sharpe's pistol and a clasp-dagger, with a blade four inches long, and near Orville's right hand lay a Colt's cavalry revolver, one chamber of which was discharged. Orville's waist was encircled by a belt to which was attached a leather cavalry holster, in which the Colt revolver fitted accurately. Scattered about the room, and in small fragments, were portions of a hand-grenade or bomb. The grenade that exploded was of that class known as parachute grenades, which are used by the police and in factories in Europe when turbulent workmen on a strike menace buildings. They are about five inches in length, conical in shape, three inches in diameter, with walls one-half an inch thick, and are exploded by an iron bar attached to a movable disk at the base of the grenade striking a fulminating cap inside the shell. In the cone of the grenade is a hole in which an iron rod can be attached; and when used from the top of high buildings a parachute is attached to the iron rod, so that the disk always touches the ground first. At Police Headquarters in this city a number of these grenades are stored, having been purchased for the department during the riots of 1863.

The furniture of the room was greatly splintered by the flying pieces, but there was no general destruction. Orville Jewett was removed to the Chambers Street Hospital, where he died the same evening after replying to the inquiry of a friend, "it was an accident." A post-mortem examination of the body of his uncle, George W. Jewett, showed that a fragment of the shell entered the posterior portion of the flexure of the left knee in the popliteal space, tearing all the muscles, arteries and veins, and passed out on the inner surface of the lower part of the thigh, causing an aperture six inches long and wide. There were no pistol-shot wounds on the body.

Orville's injuries were described as follows: Left arm lacerated from the wrist to the middle of the forearm, tearing tissues and muscles and exposing all tendons and blood-vessels; several superficial wounds on chest, large wound in epigastric region, to the left of the median line. Five bullets entered the body—four from the small revolver, and one from the large one.

A conference was to be held that day regarding a change in the firm, Orville having agreed to sell his interest to Mr. Dean for \$200,000, of which \$50,000 had been paid.

Mr. Charles Jewett said that Orville had undoubtedly been insane for some time. Judge Althrop also gave out the same story. He said that he was certain from Orville's actions that he was

crazy for at least ten days. It came out that Orville was in the habit of carrying the large revolver when he went to the factory to pay off the men. There is no doubt that, owing to his peculiar disposition, he became insane by brooding over what he considered his wrongs, and deliberately armed himself, intending to murder the other members of the firm and commit suicide. The two pistols and the knife were undoubtedly his, and he had the hand grenade in his pocket when he went to the office in the morning. He probably drew the large revolver and held it in one hand, while he dashed the grenade to the floor with the other. The subsequent shot and the burned clothing over the region of his heart point to attempted suicide.

Mr. Dean at last reports was recovering rapidly, and it is to be hoped, will soon be able to give an explanation of the mystery.

The funeral of George W. Jewett took place on Sunday, at 2 o'clock, from his late residence at Port Richmond, S. I., and that of Orville D. Jewett at 1 o'clock on the same day, from the residence of his uncle in Brooklyn. Both bodies were buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

WITHDRAWAL OF U. S. TROOPS FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

RETURN OF GOVERNOR HAMPTON TO THE STATE CAPITAL.

THE happiest day that South Carolina has seen for many years was Friday, April 6th, when her citizens turned out in most enthusiastic masses, and at the State Capital welcomed the return from Washington of Governor Hampton. His journey, undertaken at the special invitation of the President, was characterized by results of a nature most encouraging to the majority of his people. He had no compromise to offer to the President in the emergency, nor was any offered him. In the several interviews with the Chief Executive he simply urged the withdrawal of the United States troops from the State House at Columbia, and promised, if that were done, that all parties in the State, whatever their race, creed, or political affiliations might be, should be equally and justly protected. He guaranteed that there would be no violence, no disobedience of the laws, no occasion for Federal interference. After several conferences with General Hampton and Mr. Chamberlain, the President laid the matter before his Cabinet, and on Monday, April 2d, his advisers voted that the troops should be ordered from the State House to the barracks.

Directly this decision was made public the people of South Carolina gave vent to the heartiest rejoicings. Salutes were fired in the leading cities, and preparations instituted to give Governor Hampton a rousing reception upon his return. His trip, therefore, from Washington was one round of congratulation. At Charlottesville he was greeted with a handsome demonstration, and in reply to a popular address, he reminded his auditors of the pledge he had given the President, that there would be a quiet, peaceful acquiescence to the laws, and called upon them to aid him in maintaining his guarantee by promptly repressing any attempt to jeopardize the peace of the State. Upon the arrival of the special train in which he returned at Columbia on Friday evening, the city resounded with salvos of artillery.

Around the depot the entire populace were assembled, and up Blanding Street, as far as the eye could reach, military, fire and other organizations were drawn up in line. Hampton was escorted from the car to a handsomely decorated carriage amid the buzzes of the people, and then the procession was formed, with the splendid band of the Eighteenth United States Infantry at its head. As the procession, which was over a mile in length, moved off, the battery of artillery poured forth a volley, which awoke the echoes. Reaching Carolina Hall, where he was inaugurated in December last, Hampton was conducted to a stand beautifully decorated with the national flags, evergreens and mottoes, from which he delivered his closing address. It was the first time since the proclamation of President Grant that the military companies of this city turned out, and the rejoicing was heartfelt.

He announced that his policy in future would be one of peace and harmony, and that he would support President Hayes as long as he pursued the policy indicated in his inaugural address. The Governor reiterated the pledges made to the colored people in his campaign speeches, and said that in the administration of the law he should know no race.

Under orders from the President, General Sherman and General Hancock, the Government troops were withdrawn from the State House at noon on Tuesday, April 10th.

FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK RIDING CLUB.

THE members of the New York Riding Club gave their fourth annual exhibition on Saturday evening, March 31st, at the Academy, corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street. The first act on the programme was "evolutions in trotting," in which all the members took part. The horses were exceedingly spirited, and the command of the riders over them was absolutely faultless. The second act, called "A la flèche," demonstrated, better, perhaps, than any on the list, the perfection of skill which may be attained in equestrianism. Messrs. Bender, Kaepel, Perc, Knauth and H. Stoerzer were the performers. Each, while mounted on a mettlesome steed, drove another tandem by a pair of lines, and the manner in which they guided them through numerous intricate figures elicited the heartiest applause. In this act the riders were attired in gay cavalier costumes, plumed, broad-brimmed hats and lace-decorated jackets. A quadrille on horseback was the next novelty, and was performed without a break in perfect time to the music of the band in the balcony. The fourth was called a "Jeu de Barres." There were three riders, Messrs. Bender, Clausen and Eisenmann. Badges of ribbon were pinned to their left shoulders, the first red, the second white, and the third blue. Two of the riders endeavored to remove the badge of the third, the right hand being only used. Mr. Bender's was the first off, but Mr. Clausen quickly snatched the trophy from him. Then came the latter's turn, and a magnificent contest ensued for the prize. For a long time he twirled himself with rare skill out of the imminent clutch of his adversaries, the horses being kept all the time at the top of their speed. The spectators were wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, and rewarded each brilliant escape with long applause. At length Mr. Eisenmann secured the badge. He himself was finally captured, after another gallant struggle, by Mr.

Clausen. Messrs. Stoerzer and Herman Uhl were judges. "Squadron evolutions" were next on the programme. The company, in the uniform of Uhlans, and under the command of Mr. H. Stoerzer, performed all sorts of wheelings, marches and counter-marches, at full speed. The exhibition was attended by a large company of ladies and gentlemen, who appeared to share with the intrepid riders all the excitement of the different figures.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JOHN O. BRECKINRIDGE, son of the late Vice-President, will marry a San Francisco heiress next month.

WAGNER has sent to both Mrs. Gillespie and Theodore Thomas handsomely bound copies of his Centennial March.

PROFESSOR J. P. MEHAFFY has been presented by the King of the Greeks with the gold cross of the Order of the Saviour, in recognition of his services to the cause of Greek history and literature.

LOD DUFFERIN's term as Governor-General of Canada expires in August, and it is understood to be the state that he shall succeed Sir Edward Thornton as British Minister to the United States.

THE King of Sweden and Norway has appointed Dr. Edward Wilmett Blyden, LL.D., the distinguished Arabic scholar and African traveler and a negro citizen of Liberia, to be consul in Liberia, residing at Monrovia.

MAJOR PROUT, Vice-Governor of the Central African Provinces, is a graduate of Michigan University, and practised as a civil engineer in Chicago until the great fire, when he went to Egypt and entered the service of the Khedive.

EMPEROR EUGÉNIE wanted to see Florence by moonlight: so one night last month the obliging Syndics of that city blew out all the street-lamps, and the Imperial party went shivering to view the loveliness of Florence under the moonbeams.

THE second annual benefit concert tendered to Mr. John Lavine will be given at Steinway Hall on Monday evening, April 16th. Theodore Thomas, with his unrivaled orchestra, and other eminent artists, will appear in a brilliant programme.

ON the 8th of March the eminent Swedish physicist, Professor Sven Nilsson, completed his nineteenth year. In his home at Lund he received congratulations from the king, and from a large number of public societies, etc., at home and abroad.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT, better known as James Pipes of Pipeville, California, gave one of his unique entertainments at Martinez, California, on the 24th ult., for the benefit of the Educational Aid Society, appearing in a delightfully varied programme and attracting a handsome continuation of the worthy object.

SIR ROWLAND HILL has the credit for originating the penny post; but a Scotchman named Stevens claims that he, and not Sir Rowland, was the author of the system. In 1834, he says, he submitted the plan to Lord Althorp, whose private secretary was then Sir Rowland's, who cribbed his scheme and got the credit for it.

PRINCE MILAN, of Serbia, has founded a new order of knighthood, the Takovo, and sent one of his officers to Paris to bestow its diplomas and decorations on sundry eminent Frenchmen, including M. Girardin, Edmund About, and several other journalists. Russia and Austria have officially recognized this new ribbon of honor.

MR. SWINBURNE, the poet, has come into possession of a handsome estate by the death of his father, Admiral Swinburne, though he has always been in good circumstances, and never found it necessary to work for a living. A rich poet is still something of a novelty, though Mr. Tennyson's works bring him in some \$30,000 or \$35,000 yearly.

MISS ALTA M. HULETT, the lady lawyer of Chicago, whose death by consumption has been announced, was but twenty-one years old. She was admitted to the Bar in 1874, is said to have had considerable practice, and had the respect of the Bench and Bar without exception. Her death is believed to be due to excessive study.

EX-SECRETARY FISH recently recovered, at a cost of \$500, the original journal of Mason and Dixon, the English surveyors who, in the year 1763, laid out the celebrated line of demarcation that bears their name. It was discovered among a quantity of old papers in the Parliament buildings of Nova Scotia, and was given by the Assembly to the Clerk of the House who had discovered it.

SECRETARY EVARTS proposes to reorganize the consular system after the plan adopted by Great Britain. In making appointments for consuls it is proposed to select men familiar with commerce and manufacture, selecting commercial men for commercial districts, and for manufacturing districts men acquainted with the special manufactures of the districts to which they may be assigned.

JUDGE S. C. HASTINGS, of San Francisco, has offered to deposit \$100,000 with the Treasurer of California on condition that the State shall promulgate seven per cent per annum for ever to the University of California, the amount thus received to be divided into two parts, one of \$4,000 and the other of \$3,000—the former to be used at first to purchase books for a law library, and the latter for a professor's salary.

LOD LYONS, British Ambassador to France, has a salary of \$50,000. The British Ambassadors to Germany and Rome have each a salary of \$35,000, and the latter receives an allowance for rent of \$6,000. The Ambassador at Vienna gets \$40,000, and the one at St. Petersburg \$39,000. Sir Henry Elliot had at Constantinople \$40,000, and Sir Edward Thornton entertains pleasantly at Washington on a salary of \$30,000.

DURING the war Mr. R. M. Moore, Republican candidate for Mayor of Cincinnati, was placed in command of a detachment guarding a body of one hundred rebel prisoners, and one day one of them, a great favorite, died, and his body was sent to his family, who lived only a few miles distant, but inside the rebel lines. On the morning of the funeral he drew the prisoners up in a line, and offered to take them all to attend it under no escort but himself, providing they would pledge him their honor not to attempt to escape. They all jointly accepted the offer, and he marched them into the rebel lines, took part with them in the funeral exercises, and returned at night without the loss of a man. This proceeding, though humane, was so contrary to the rules of war, that a court-martial was for a long time threatened.

THE Hon. Richard C. McCormick, the new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has had an active career. He was born in this city in 1832, and early in life was a broker in Wall Street. During the Crimean War he visited Europe, and wrote a series of interesting letters to city journals, which were afterwards issued in book form both here and in London. In the early part of the civil war he acted as correspondent, and in 1862 he became Chief Clerk in the Department of Agriculture. Mr. McCormick was Secretary of the Territory of Arizona from March, 1863, to April, 1866, when he became Governor. He was Delegate in Congress from 1866 to 1874, and later was a prominent member of the Centennial Commission. He was a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention last year, and a zealous supporter of Mr. Blaine. During the late campaign Mr. McCormick was Secretary of the National Republican Committee, and took a prominent part in the canvass.

FIRST TELEPHONE CONCERT IN NEW YORK.

THE first of a series of telephone concerts was given in Steinway Hall, New York City, and the operating room of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in Philadelphia, on Monday evening, April 2d. There were two grand pianos on the stage of Steinway Hall, and on the one that had not been in use stood the receiving sounding-board of the new wonder. It consisted of a doubly graduated series of rectangular hollow wooden tubes, joined by wooden bars, to which they were attached in the middle by pivotal brass keys. They ranged from two feet to six inches and under in length, and were of corresponding breadth. To the centre of one bar was attached an electro-magnet, out of which ran two ordinary covered wires. One of these continued up and out through an aperture on the left of the back of the stage, near the top, and the other through a corresponding aperture on the right. A table with an ordinary telegraph instrument was placed on the left of the stage.

A preliminary concert by the Young Apollo Club and local musician was given, and at nine o'clock Professor Gray, the inventor, telegraphed to Professor Boscovitz, the pianist, in Philadelphia, that all was ready. Professor Gray tried to correct the many wrong impressions existing in the popular mind regarding the telephone and what it could perform. No attempt could be made, he said, at that time to explain the working of the telephone or to more than state a few facts. Mr. Boscovitz, in Philadelphia, was to play upon an instrument, which was not like a piano in any particular, except that it had a key-board. By a complex machinery the notes struck upon that key-board were communicated as electric pulsations upon the telegraph wire. They were instantaneously transmuted into sound vibrations, one for each note, by



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE TELEPHONE CONCERT BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK, APRIL 2D—PROFESSOR BOSCOVITZ PERFORMING MUSICAL SELECTIONS IN THE OPERATING-ROOM OF THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY, IN PHILADELPHIA.

"Doodle." Professor Boscovitz's instrument was composed of sixteen keys, the lower or bass octaves being adjusted to the sound of the hautboy, and the other octaves to the sound of the clarinet and flute. This is the largest instrument

music with one hand, seldom requiring the use of both. The only sound that was apparent there was a whirring noise, and occasionally a bass note could be distinguished. Further than this, it was

the same as pressing down the keys of a piano

level of Lexington Avenue, thence by a tunnel 1,000 feet long. The entire length of the bridge will be about two miles, and its estimated cost \$2,500,000.

Provisions will be made for two carriage-ways

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND BRIDGE.

AT a meeting of the directors of the New York and Long Island Bridge Company, held on Wednesday, the 28th of March, final action was taken on the report of the consulting engineers employed to examine plans presented for the proposed bridge at the foot of Seventy-seventh Street, New York, crossing the East River and Blackwell's Island to the Long Island shore. By a unanimous vote of the directors a premium of \$1,000 for the best plan was awarded to the Delaware Bridge Company, 52 Wall Street, New York, of which Mr. Charles Macdonald is President and Engineer. The second best plan, presented by Clarke, Reeves & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., received a premium of \$500, and Flad & Co., of St. Louis, carried off a third prize of \$250.

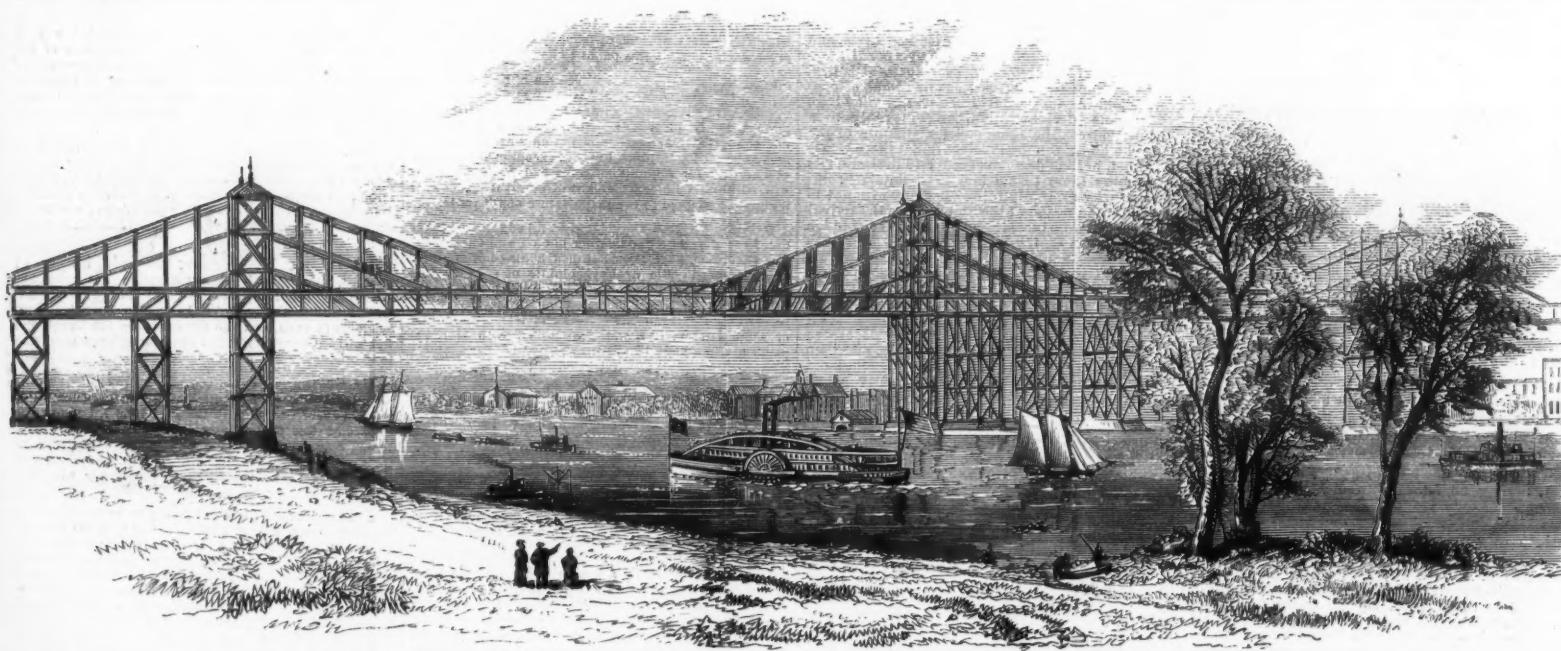
By a subsequent vote of the Board, Mr. Macdonald's plan was adopted for the construction of the bridge, and we are assured that no time will be lost in pushing forward this great public work to an early completion. We give an illustration of the most important part of the proposed structure as it will be seen from the corner of Eighty-second Street and Avenue B, looking towards the southeast.

The span crossing the western arm of the East River will be 740 feet in length and 135 feet in the clear above high tide. A similar span of 618 feet crosses the eastern arm, and a trestle-work approach, about 4,000 feet in length, extends to the high ground on the Long Island shore.

On the New York side it is intended to connect with the Fourth Avenue improvement by an iron viaduct, graded down to the level of Lexington Avenue, thence by a tunnel

1,000 feet long. The entire length of the bridge will be about two miles, and its estimated cost \$2,500,000.

Provisions will be made for two carriage-ways



NEW YORK.—THE PROJECTED BRIDGE ACROSS THE EAST RIVER, AT SEVENTY-SEVENTH STREET, CROSSING VIA BLACKWELL'S ISLAND TO LONG ISLAND.

means of the sounding-boxes before the audience. The music of the telephone was then heard, "Home, Sweet Home," being the opening piece. The general sound was much subdued, but every individual tone was quite distinct, especially the lower notes. The higher notes were very faint, yet perfectly audible. Not a note was missed. The music bore no resemblance to that of a piano. It had rather the sound of an organ. The applause was very hearty, and that fact being telegraphed to Philadelphia, Professor Boscovitz sent back a message to the effect that he was much gratified. "Come, gentle," and "You'll remember me," were also successfully reproduced so far as distinctness was concerned, the transmission of the variations in the latter air being especially worthy of mention. Professor Gray here removed the sounding-board to the floor, lest, he said, the audience might think the pianos had something to do with it. While in this position the "Last Rose of Summer" was given, but in this and the subsequent performances the sounds were much fainter. No effort was made to transmit any music except the melodies named in the programme, except two encores—the last which concluded the performance being "Yankee

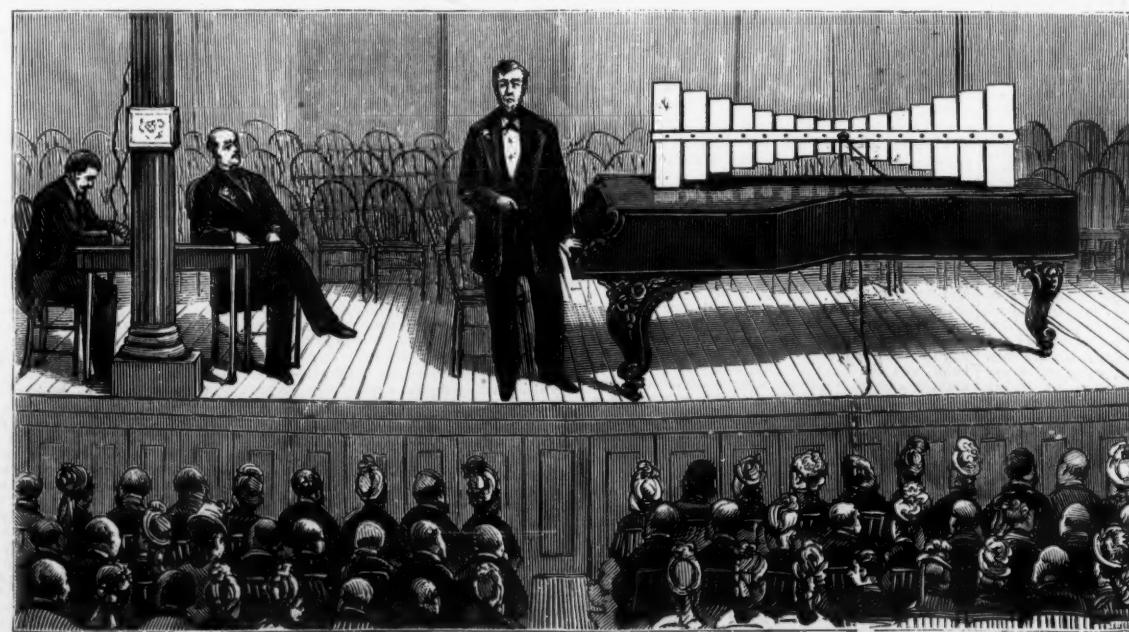
of the kind ever made, and to transmit the sound to New York it was necessary to attach it to the 300-cell battery of the Western Union Company. Professor Boscovitz performed nearly all the

detached from the key-board and the strings of the piano. There was an appreciative and greatly interested audience at each terminus of the telegraphic wire.

and sidewalks, with elevators near the river, and for the present, a single line of railway, by which means direct connection, without change of cars, may be made between the railroad system of Long Island, including Brooklyn, and all the roads centring at Forty-second Street Depot.

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.

THE completed wing of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston was opened to the public on the afternoon of July 3d, 1876. The design of the entire structure comprises a parallelogram 300 by 210 feet, embracing a building 62 feet wide on all four sides, the two longer sides to be joined together in the centre by another building 54 feet wide, leaving the open courts 86 by 55 feet in area. In the portion already dedicated, which represents the northwest angle on Dartmouth Street and St. James Avenue, the first floor is to be occupied by casts, Egyptian collections and sculpture, displayed in four rooms, each 18 feet in height; the second floor accommodates the picture-gallery, 55 by 32 feet, lighted entirely from above, an apartment for bronzes, porcelains, textile fabrics, etc., and a photograph department.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE TELEPHONE CONCERT BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK, APRIL 2D—THE AUDIENCE IN STEINWAY HALL LISTENING TO THE MUSIC PERFORMED IN PHILADELPHIA.



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE NEW MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, ST. JAMES AVENUE, BOSTON.

The chief materials used in the construction of the building are brick and terra cotta, the latter being imported from England for the express purpose, on account of its cheapness and durability. On the right of the St. James Avenue façade is a large bas-relief in terra cotta, representing the Genius of Art, and for the opposite corresponding side is a design portraying the Union of Art and Industry. This museum is a place dedicated to the enjoyment and profitable instruction of all who enter it. Already it contains much that is precious, much that is of high interest; and yet this building, with its contents, is but a sixth part of what it will be when the whole quadrangle is completed, with its two great courts, capable of containing casts of colossal statues and architectural fragments; when its picture-gallery is doubled in size; when its schools of art are established and in operation; when, in short, it has grown to be a rival, as it is hoped it will, of the great industrial museums at Kensington and Vienna. It has received as a permanent loan all the paintings and casts of the Boston Athenaeum which the directors chose to

remove, a large collection of Egyptian antiquities by C. Granville Way, and various valuable specimens of carved woodwork panel-paintings, Etruscan vases, Greek faces, Gobelin tapestry, marbles, etc. Charles Sumner bequeathed to the museum his collection of ninety-four pictures, a large number of engravings, and a marble bust of himself. About one-half of these were retained; the balance were sold, and with the proceeds numerous casts of classic works were purchased.

The Museum Association was formed in 1870, since which time the Hon. Martin Brimmer has held the office of president.

STATUE OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK FOR CENTRAL PARK.

CATO, being asked how it happened that he had no statue erected to him, while Rome was crowded with those of so many others, answered:

"I would rather people should inquire why I have them not, than complain that I have." The rapidity with which statues have been set up in this city during the past twenty years may yet, if the mania continues, induce some illustrious American to quote the words of the great Roman citizen. The latest manifestation of this character, which follows close upon the statue of Daniel Webster, is that about to be unveiled in the Central Park of another New Englander, Fitz Greene Halleck, whose statue will be the first ever erected in honor of an American poet. For this work of art the public is indebted to the enthusiasm of the friend and biographer of Halleck, who, after erecting a monument over the poet's grave at Guilford, Conn., set on foot, in 1870, the project of a statue in the Central Park.



NEW YORK CITY.—STATUE OF THE POET FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING, ON SECOND AVENUE.

William H. Appleton. Its total cost is about twelve thousand dollars.

The statue is now in the rooms of the New York Historical Society, on Second Avenue, awaiting the erection of the pedestal.

GEN. A. GUZMAN BLANCO,
PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF VENEZUELA.

VENEZUELA, after the dissolution of the Republic of Columbia (established in 1822 by the union of New Granada, Ecuador and the Government of Caracas) remained a Republic, divided into provinces, until the year 1863. By the victory of the "Federals" over the "Unitaires" in 1863 Venezuela was transformed into a Confederacy by the constitution confirmed March 18th, 1864. According to the Constitution, the executive power is represented by a President and a Ministry; the legislative power resides in a Congress, divided into a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies, which assembles once a year. Each sovereign State is under the control of its own government, possessing the executive, the legislative and the judiciary powers.

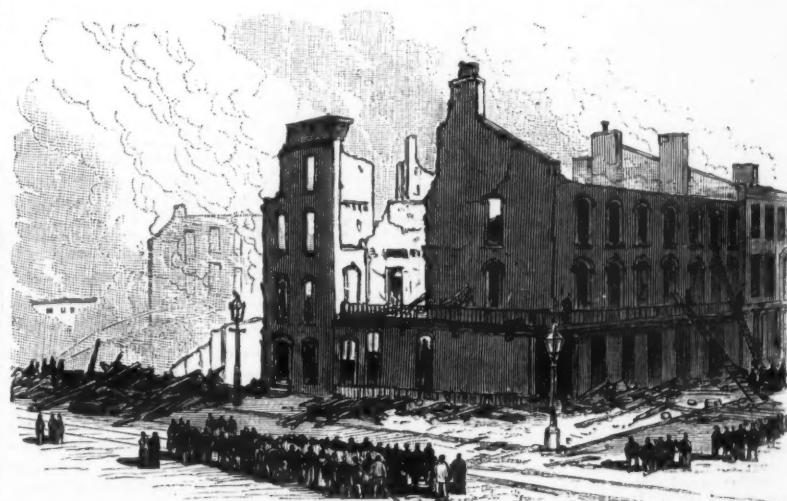
The "Unitaire" party, which was defeated in 1863, obtained, under command of General Monagas, a victory over the Federals in 1868, but was in turn overthrown by General Guzman Blanco, who was elected President on February 20th, 1873. By the Constitution of the



GENERAL ANTONIO GUZMAN BLANCO, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF VENEZUELA.

DESTRUCTION OF THE GRANT HOUSE, WHEELING, W. VA., BY FIRE.

THE destruction by fire of the Grant House, at Wheeling, West Virginia, a fortnight ago, will enlist for the proprietors the sympathy of a large number of Northern people who have been in the habit of making that hostelry their stopping-place in the course of their trips to and through the South. The main portion of the hotel was nearly fifty years old, and was first known as the Virginia House. The new portion was built in 1869-70, and cost, with its appurtenances, something like \$130,000. During the past twelve years it has been managed by Messrs. Woodward & Lewis. The fire is believed to have originated in a stable, but there is a diversity of opinion whether it was the private one of the firm or that of Mr. Simpson, adjoining. All parties agree that it was the work of an incendiary. The flames spread so rapidly that the guests had little time to save their property, and as the fire occurred soon after midnight, there was much excitement



WEST VIRGINIA.—BURNING OF THE GRANT HOUSE, IN WHEELING, MARCH 28TH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. HIGGINS, WHEELING.

27th of May, 1874, the President holds office for two years. The "designados" (Presidential substitutes) have been abolished. If there is no President, the President of the Federal Supreme Court takes his place. In case of temporary absence from the capital, the President is replaced by one of the ministers, who is elected to his office by his colleagues.

The present President of the Republic, General A. Guzman Blanco, whose portrait we publish this week, having obtained possession of Caracas on April 27th, 1870, after a siege of three days, established a Provisional Government, of which he proclaimed himself chief under the name of "General-in-Chief" of the Constitutional Army of the Confederacy. Then, having summoned, on the 18th of July, 1870, a Congress composed of representatives of the States which had taken part in the revolution, he caused them to bestow upon him extraordinary powers and the title of "Provisional President of the Republic." On the 20th of February he was elected President for a term of four years.

Attention has been called in this country lately to Venezuela affairs, by the fact that Mr. Russell, the American Minister, was recalled a short time ago by the State Department on the demand of the Venezuelan Government. The difficulty grew out of the publication in the newspapers of a confidential communication of Mr. Russell to the State Department at Washington in which he charged the officials of Venezuela of being open to bribery. In the year 1875 certain claims of American citizens against that Government remained unsettled, and Mr. Russell recommended that at least a threat of force be availed of in order to facilitate their settlement. The money, \$65,000, has since been paid, but the longer residence of Mr. Russell in Venezuela was not looked upon as desirable.

over reports that many boarders had perished; but at last accounts no one was missing. Owing to a delay in sounding the alarm, the fire-engines did not reach the hotel until it had been burning at



NEW YORK CITY.—CENTURY-PLANT, ABOUT TO BLOOM IN BURNHAM'S HOT-HOUSE, 8TH AVENUE AND 128TH STREET.—SEE PAGE 123.

least forty-five minutes. There was an insurance of \$60,500 on the building and furniture, the risks being held by wealthy companies. A squad of police watched the property until daylight, when a second one relieved it for the day. No attempt was made to steal the goods that were hastily piled up on the sidewalks.

FUN.

A QUAIL on toast gathers no moss.

ALBANY boasts of a man who is so cold-blooded that who he hit in the leg had all his front teeth frozen.

LADY (to water) — Don't put that ice into the goblet with your fingers. Water — Lor', ma'm, I don't mind; my hands are very warm.

A GROCER in Washington advertises that he has "whisky for sale that has been drank by all the Presidents, from General Jackson down to the present time."

SOME one said to a parson whose brother had remained in poverty: "You are, I believe, the brother of M. Durand?" "No, sir; I am not his brother — he is mine!"

"HAVE you tried the blue-glass remedy yet?" asked Smith of Jones. "No," said Jones; "that is, only indirectly. My milkman, judging from the beautiful color of his milk, is trying it on his cows, and so indirectly on me."

"WHAT is the best remedy?" asked a preacher of a shrewd observer "for an inattentive audience?" "Give them something to attend to," was the significant reply. "Hungry sheep will look up to the rock if there is hay in it."

OUT in Montgomery County, Oregon, there is a lady lawyer. She is, or was, married. And the other day a client went to her office and found the door locked, with the following notice pinned on the outside: "Gone to my husband's funeral: back in thirty minutes."

A FBIAR when preaching in a nunnery observed to his female auditors: "Be not too proud that our blessed Lord paid your see the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female after the resurrection: for it was done that the glad tidings might spread the sooner."

A CATSKILL woman recently knocked down seven robbers, one after the other. Her husband watched her from the top of the stairs, and felt so brimful of fight that he couldn't cool off until he jerked his eight-year old son out of bed and whaled him soundly for not getting up and helping his mother.

MRS. PARTINGTON says that just before the late war circumstances were seen round the moon nightly, shooting-stars parambulated the earth, the desk of the sun was covered with black spots of ink, and comets swept the horizon with their operatic tales. Everybody said that it protracted war, and sure enough war did come.

A BOSTON man who opened a grocery store here recently, felt obliged last week to abandon business and go home. He said that trade was bad, but the real reason is generally believed to be that the customers who came to sit around on the cracker-barrels evening held no views on the correlation of forces, and thought Josephus was a colored man, who drove a coal-cart over on the west side.

DELICIOUS COOKERY.

THE most delicious, light, white and wholesome Vienna Rolls, Tea Biscuits, Corn Bread, Muffins, Cakes, etc., are possible to every table by using the Celebrated Royal Baking Powder. It is absolutely pure, and will go much further than other kinds. It is impossible to fail with it in baking. Each can contains receipts. Persons desiring to try it may send 60 cts. for 1 lb., or 35 cts. for 1 lb., to ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 171 Duane Street, New York, and receive it by return mail free of postage.

WHY ADVERTISE?

PEOPLE sometimes ask why does Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., spend so much money in advertising his family medicines, which are so well-known and surpass all other remedies in popularity and sale. It is well-known that A. T. Stewart considered it good policy, and undoubtedly it paid him to spend many hundred thousand dollars in advertising his goods, yet nobody questioned the excellence of his merchandise. The grand secret of success lies in offering only goods which possess merit to sustain themselves, and then, through liberal and persistent advertising, making the people thoroughly acquainted with their good qualities. Men do not succeed in amassing great fortunes, establishing thriving and permanent business, and founding substantial institutions like Dr. Pierce's Grand Invalid's Hotel at Buffalo, which cost over two hundred thousand dollars, unless their business be legitimate, their goods meritorious, and the services which they render the people genuine and valuable. Dr. Pierce does not attempt to humbug you by telling you that his Golden Medical Discovery will cure all diseases. He says, "If your lungs are half wasted by consumption, my Discovery will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs and all curable bronchial, throat and lung affections, I believe it to be unsurpassed as a remedy." The people have confidence in his medicines because he does not over-recommend them, and when tried they give satisfaction. His Medical Adviser, a book of over nine hundred pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-two engravings and bound in cloth and gilt, is offered to the people at so moderate a price (\$1.50, post-paid), that it is no wonder that almost one hundred thousand have already been sold. His memorandum-books are on every druggist's counter for free distribution.

HOME DRESSMAKING MADE EASY.

SELECT your patterns from our Spring and Summer Catalogue of Fashions just issued. The styles are exceptionally handsome, tasteful and becoming. Mothers who do their own family sewing will find therein every needful design for boys', girls', or infants' outfits. Ladies wholly unacquainted with the art of cutting and fitting will find that the most complex and difficult-appearing costumes are rendered perfectly easy and simple under the skillful management of our artists. Dressmakers and suit manufacturers can nowhere find more reliable guides for street or home costumes than those exhibited on our Plate of Fashions for the present and coming season. Colored Plate mailed to any address on receipt of 75 cents; tinted, or uncolored, 50 cents. Fashion Catalogue, on receipt of 75 cents; paper cover, 50 cents. Small or pamphlet Catalogue sent on receipt of address and a three-cent stamp. Address, FRANK LESLIE'S "LADY'S JOURNAL" / PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway, N. Y. All orders for patterns must be sent to the same address.

ALL nervous, exhausting and painful diseases speedily yield to the curative influences of Pulvermacher's Electric Belts and Bands. They are safe, simple and effective, and can be easily applied by the patient himself. Book, with full particulars, mailed free. Address, PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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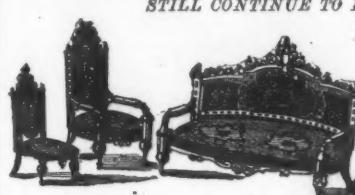
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No. 5, MAY, 1877.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

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